

JOHN BULL

THE MARCHING WIND

STEADY BARKER!



Ann's journey to romance

SPRING, a ticket to Paris and no more typing for a fortnight; no wonder Ann was feeling happy. Two weeks leave and another promotion; life was good for John too. Then he saw Ann, with those blue eyes and that lovely Castile complexion, and life seemed better still. Fighter pilots don't waste time! John chose the very next seat and escorted her all the way to Paris. Paris! Dancing by moonlight, a box at the opera, romantic little cafés by the river—how can Ann ever forget it? It was

the happiest fortnight of her life. And Ann's journey to romance had only just begun; three months later she was proudly wearing a lovely diamond ring—a perfect ticket to happiness for a girl with a Castile complexion. Ann's complexion is lovely; she looks after it night and morning with wonderful Knight's Castile. That creamy lather leaves her skin fresh and smooth; and the very special perfume makes her feel as lovely as she looks. Try Knight's Castile yourself. You'll love it too.



Look your loveliest
WITH KNIGHT'S CASTILE



1s. 2d. a year

EVERYBODY in Britain who is old enough to read borrows an average of eight books a year from the public libraries. The 579 councils which have libraries possess 57 million books, with a yearly circulation of 370 million from the 31,000 "service points," as librarians call the places where readers change their books.

For pleasure, education and reference, the free libraries have become, in their hundred years' history, the main cultural resource of the British people.

At their best there is nothing in the world to beat them. At their worst they are very bad.

FREE libraries are local affairs, paid for entirely out of the rates. So whether any particular district has adequate or inadequate libraries depends on the outlook and financial policy of its council. The result is that "variations of standard are a reproach to all concerned," in the official words of the Library Association, the organization of professional librarians.

At its recent conference, Mr. William Haugh, Bristol's city librarian, used stronger words. "It is impossible to avoid the conclusion," he declared, "that in some parts of the country the public library service is no more than a squalid farce."

A very small amount of money makes all the difference between enriching a community and leaving it in the mental dark. The average cost a head of the entire population for free library books is 1s. 2d. a year—4s. 3d. including overheads and salaries. This is not much for a service which gives more pleasure to more people than any other entertainment, and is essential to education at every age.

Not enough, in fact. The experts calculate that to give a balanced service covering all subjects and interests, with a proper inflow of new books, the average expenditure on books should be 2s. a head.

YET there are wide fluctuations round the present figure of 1s. 2d. The London borough of Stoke Newington spends 3s. a head on books. Pontypool, Monmouthshire, spends only three-halfpence.

Library costs are going up, like most other costs. But they are increasing particularly fast because of the ever-bigger demands for expensive technical books. These must be met, because few young people training for careers can afford to buy such books. They must borrow them from their public library.

Nobody wants to interfere with local freedom of action. But there seems to be a good case for a statutory compulsion on all councils to spend on library books a fixed minimum proportion of the local rates—and the same proportion everywhere in the country.



MR. WILLIAM HAUGH
"A squalid farce"

ON OTHER PAGES

Fiction

THE FAMILY MAN	by Norah Burke	16
BOY ON A DOLPHIN (Part 4)	by David Divine	24
BLACKMAIL	by N. J. Crisp	29

Non-Fiction

STEADY BARKER! (Part 1)	by Eric Barker	13
BEDTIME STORY	by Keith Ellis	20
BUSMEN IN THE CLOUDS	by John Ennis	23
PRIMA DONNA OF THE BOWSTRING	by Jack Attack	34

Book Condensation

THE MARCHING WIND	by Leonard Clark	39—46
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FREE SPEECH: 4, 8, 10. THIS WEEK'S
COVER: 8. IT'S THE CUSTOM: 57

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Chocolate
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house...



we always have

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Fine coffees skilfully blended and made extra satisfying by the lively tang of chicory—that's the secret of Ricory. And it's so economical—so quick and easy to serve. Pop a spoonful in a cup and pour on hot water. The clean golden powder dissolves instantly and completely. Simply add milk and sugar to taste and your Ricory is ready.



Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of the soluble solids from coffee and chicory, powdered with added dextrins, molasses and dextrose.

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R16

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
OCT. 29 1955 VOL. 98 NO. 2574 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Begging won't win the Olympics

NEXT month, the British Olympics Association will probably launch its appeal for £75,000 to send our athletes to the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne.

I gather that various affiliated bodies, industry, commerce and individuals will be "invited"—in a typically restrained British manner—to subscribe.

But international athletics are no longer gentlemanly. The Russians, with all the money they need, are determined to sweep the board with a formidable team. The American Olympic Committee has just launched a nation-wide competition to raise funds, with the slogan "Make it possible for America's finest athletes to go to Australia." A donation of 14s. entitles the donor to compete for £23,000 in prizes.

The British equivalent is a feeble cap-in-hand campaign. We should use every device of ingenuity and high-powered publicity to send all our best athletes to Melbourne, with ample funds. —ROY HILL, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex.

Home Made

A FRIEND, W. P. White of Amesbury, has built this neat little single-seater car at home in his spare time, for £30. For £3 he bought a



White in his home-made car

motor cycle that had been in a smash, salvaged the undamaged 98-c.c. engine and completed the car in six months. It has a top speed of 45 m.p.h., will cruise at 35 m.p.h. and does 130 miles to the gallon. —N. PARKER, Amesbury, Wiltshire.

Not So Sad

"YVONNE MITCHELL'S Sad Success" (JOHN BULL, October 1) presents a very gloomy picture of her; believe me, this very talented young woman is far from that.

As wardrobe mistress of the Arts Theatre, where Miss Mitchell was appearing recently, I can vouch for the laughter and fun we all had with her. She is one of the most welcome stars to play at this theatre—never difficult or moody. She is helpful in her quick-changing and popular with the back-stage staff.

She is as good a comedienne as she is a tragic actress, and one day I hope to see her in a good comedy. Then she will surprise everyone. —LUCILLE LEE, Arts Theatre, London, W.C.2.

End-wise

ROSS COCKRILL'S whale-hunting adventures in the Antarctic (JOHN BULL, October 8) reminded me of my own experiences as a hunter—but at

the opposite end of the globe: in the Arctic.

One of the chief contrasts between the two "frozen" regions is in population. It seems that, in the Antarctic, a man could travel hundreds of miles without meeting anyone else, and no one lives there permanently.

But in the Arctic I often met other hunters and trappers, Eskimos, scientists, prospectors, doctors and even airmen.

The variety of life in the Arctic was excellently described in Dr. Joseph P. Moody's *Arctic Doctor*, which JOHN BULL published. It was interesting to compare his story with Cockrill's picture of the "frozen south." —A. C. W., Golders Green.

The book version of "Arctic Doctor," by Dr. Joseph P. Moody, in collaboration with W. de Groot Van Embden is published this month by Odhams Press Ltd., at 15s.

Stamp Duty

SOMETIMES I think I shall never understand my fellow countrymen. We readily accept a cigarette or a drink from quite a casual acquaintance, yet we would not accept a postage stamp from the same man without paying for it. Whenever I



see this stamp ritual I have to watch, fascinated, for the proffered money being waved away, and finally the pressing home of the coppers carried through to the bitter end. —T. S., Birmingham, 28.

Electric Horses

HAD Ted Perkins of the "Rose Of Sharon" (JOHN BULL, September 24) been a bargee in Alsace, he would not have had to suffer the "plop, plop" of a diesel engine. In Alsace, canals and hydro-electric power abound, so locomotives supplied with power from overhead electric cables move along the towpaths pulling the barges. Every summer, their drivers weave straw mats to put over the

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

THE MARCHING WIND

A gripping story of
adventure in Tibet

BEGINS ON PAGE 39

metal roofs of the cabs to protect them from the sun. —A. H. McNEIL, Kilwinning, Ayrshire.

Education Aids

IF a house is as firm as its foundations, then surely a child's education is only as good as the work done by primary school teachers. Yet the trend is to give bigger grants to the secondary schools at the expense of the primary, and more to junior teachers than to those in charge of infants. —A. M. HARRISON, Halifax.

... Schoolteachers are scarce, especially in highly specialized fields. Why not make use of educational TV networks, as in America, and plan school curricula on a national basis? A closed-circuit programme

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



BACON IS DELICIOUS—

and in so many different ways!



ENJOY BACON TODAY AND EVERY DAY

Bacon isn't just one dish. It's hundreds. All of them delicious. And all of them so easy to cook. Bacon and eggs, bacon and tomatoes, bacon and sausage are special favourites, of course. But bacon is delicious with practically everything — bacon and fried bread, for example, is a meal in itself. And what about bacon and mushrooms? And liver and bacon?

BUSY DAYS BEGIN WITH BACON

Bacon for breakfast — that goes without saying. It's a delicious way to start the day, but it's more than just that. Bacon gives you stored-up energy that keeps you going all morning. Ounce for ounce, it has more food energy than eggs, bread, milk, cereals, jam, fish, or any other meat. That's why children need a good hot bacon breakfast before they go off to school. But, of course, bacon makes a grand meal *any* time — breakfast, dinner, tea, supper. And because there are so many ways of serving bacon, you can always find a new dish to give your family.

FREE BACON LEAFLETS

There are some new leaflets just off the press, featuring delicious ways to enjoy bacon. Get your free copies now. Write to Bacon Information Council, 1 Brook House, Park Lane, London, W.1, enclosing 1½d. stamp.

ECONOMY DISH FOR SUPPER

How they'll come running when they smell this delicious Bacon and Egg Pie in the oven! To serve 4 people, you'll need

- 8-10 oz. shortcrust pastry
- 6 rashers bacon
- 2 eggs
- 2 or 3 mushrooms (optional)
- Salt and pepper

Make the pastry, cut in 2 pieces and roll out each piece to fit an 8" pie plate. Line the plate with one piece. Cut the bacon into small pieces, chop the mushrooms and mix with the beaten eggs and seasoning. Pour on to the lined plate, damp round the edge of the pastry and cover with the other piece. Bake in a moderately hot oven until brown (30-40 minutes). Wonderful supper for a hungry family!

EMERGENCY CALL!

The fast, modern cars of London's Police are maintained at the highest possible pitch of performance and safety. They have to be. In moments of emergency there's no time for failure, no room for unnecessary risk. Every item of their equipment must be the best, the safest, tested and proved beyond question. It goes without saying, therefore, that the tyres they use are reinforced with High-Tenacity Rayon Cord.

This remarkable rayon was developed by Courtaulds in 1937 and further great strides were made during the early 40's to meet the urgent needs of war. Over the last 18 years the strength of Courtaulds' Rayon Cord has been increased by one third; its resistance to fatigue by from four to five times. Every year, more and more rayon tyres are in use covering more millions of miles in safety. Today, High-Tenacity Rayon Cord is acknowledged to be the world's leading tyre cord.

The same strength, the same reliability and long service—these are yours as well when you buy tyres moulded on a cord basis of High-Tenacity Rayon.



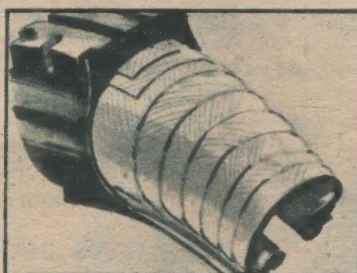
RAYON AT WAR ...

It took a war to establish rayon as the safest, most economical reinforcement for tyres. On Rayon Cord tyres, overloaded vehicles travelled great distances over rough country, without tyre breakdown. Since then, the resistance to fatigue of Rayon Cord has been greatly increased and its strength improved by as much as 30% ...



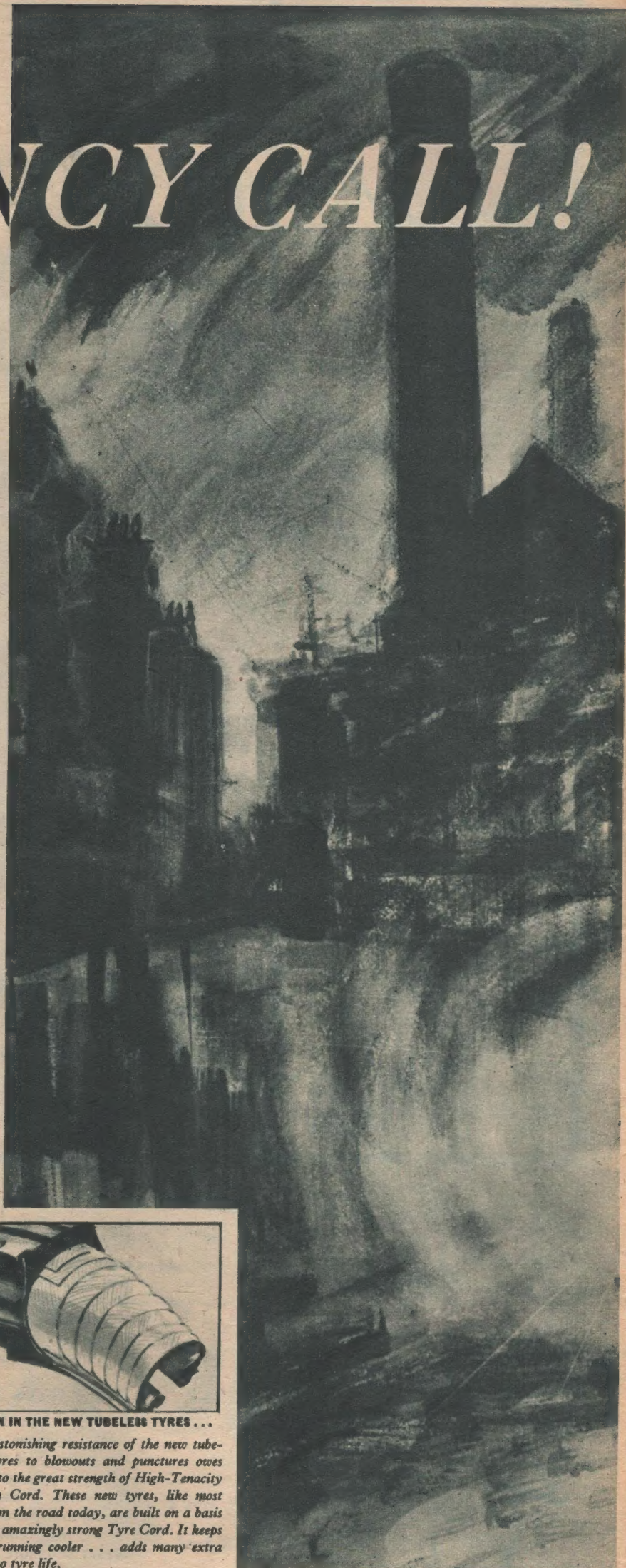
RAYON TAKES 125 M.P.H. IMPACT ...

Today's improved Courtaulds rayon has a greater tensile strength than that of steel. This tyre was dropped from a 40 ft. tower ... hit the ground at 125 miles an hour with an impact greater than that of a jet plane landing. The force of the fall smashed the steel wheel on which the tyre was mounted, but not a single tyre cord was broken.



RAYON IN THE NEW TUBELESS TYRES ...

The astonishing resistance of the new tubeless tyres to blowouts and punctures owes much to the great strength of High-Tenacity Rayon Cord. These new tyres, like most tyres on the road today, are built on a basis of this amazingly strong Tyre Cord. It keeps tyres running cooler ... adds many extra miles to tyre life.



You're safer when you ride on RAYON!

But London's Police are SAFE on
HIGH-TENACITY RAYON TYRES

COURTAULDS HIGH-TENACITY RAYON—THE WORLD'S LEADING TYRE CORD

More and more men are wearing **MORLEY** 'REPUTE' Underwear



No wonder Morley
Repute Underwear always
gets such a warm welcome.

It's so comfortable, so hard-wearing
and just the right weight for the

colder weather. Morley 'Repute' is trimly tailored from pure wool in a
variety of styles and sizes—all with the famous Theta shrink resisting finish.

From 25/-

Always look

for the name **MORLEY**



2 oz. tin 9/1d.

To open, simply remove
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Unfailingly fresh

Tobacco at its best. Player's Medium Navy Cut is
once again supplied in the familiar pocket tin, vacuum
sealed, which means that absolute freshness is re-
tained and enjoyment assured whenever you buy it.

**PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT TOBACCO**

'The choice for a lifetime'

[NCT 87]

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

would make it possible for one lecture
to serve many classrooms.—E. J.
ADKINS, Birkby, Huddersfield.

"The average yearly cost of teach-
ing a primary school child is £34,
compared with £57 in a secondary
school and £92 in a grammar school
after the child is fifteen," says the
Ministry of Education. "But more
money is still being spent on primary
education. It is true that secondary
school teachers can get higher allow-
ances, but many of them are gradu-
ates."

The B.B.C. may introduce schools'
TV—perhaps in 1958. "But only if
education authorities agree," says a
spokesman, "and only if we are
given another frequency. Without it
we cannot provide a second pro-
gramme."

Innocent Suffer

READERS say ("Free Speech,"
October 1) that in the war the
Japanese deserved what they got,
because of their barbarity. But the
greatest sufferers in the atomic
explosions were innocent women and
children. Schools, hospitals and
churches were wantonly destroyed.
The blameless were therefore made
to pay for the atrocities committed
by soldiers in the prison camps.—E.
PEARCE, Great Barr, Birmingham.

Profitable Rushes

ON our fruit farm we use large rush-
work baskets for collecting apples and
pears. I believe one of the few re-
maining craftsmen in this line is
Ronald Crew, of Marnhull, in Dorset.
He wades into the River Stour to
collect the rushes, spreads them to
dry and then stooks them for a week



Crew makes baskets for a lifetime

or two. Well-dried rushes are so
strong that baskets made of them last
a lifetime.—E. C. SMITH, Worcester.

"There are still a few rush-weavers
left in the west country and Suffolk,"
says the Rural Industries Bureau.

Keeping Eggs

THE letter on cooking eggs in lime
("Free Speech," October 1) recalls
my mother's method of preserving
eggs. She used to pour a cold lime
solution over the eggs packed in a

zinc or earthenware container. This
preserved them perfectly.—MRS. E.
ROBINSON, Broughton, Lancashire.

This is an old method no longer in
common use. The solution required
twenty parts of cold water to four
parts of lime, and had to be stirred
every day for a week. Salt had to be
added on the fourth or fifth day.

Aged Warblers

IT frequently
amazes me why,
on one radio pro-
gramme, the audi-
ence breaks into
loud applause if
someone aged
seventy sings a
first World War
hit tune in a
warbly voice. Is it
really such an
achievement now
that medical
science is making
people live longer? —K. ELLIS,
Gateshead, 11.



"Anyone who keeps up a lively
use of his faculties at the age of
seventy is to be congratulated," says
a doctor. "Acuteness of perception
is the first thing to fade with on-
coming age. Then hearing loses the
higher registers, and vision is
affected."

Olde Coffee

"COFFEE Goes Gay" (JOHN BULL,
September 24) reminds me of a Soho
coffee bar where there was an aston-
ishing change of clientele. Formerly,
bearded Bohemians used to eat there
but, after a lot of publicity, the place
became packed with clerks and
typists eager to "absorb the atmo-
sphere." The usurped Bohemians
now sip tea in a nearby café.—
T. BELL, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

... Glasgow was famous for its
coffee rooms sixty years ago. The
best known were the branches of
Cranston's, in Sauchiehall, Buchanan
and Argyle Streets. The china was
willow pattern, the walls were decor-
ated in Chinese fashion and the
windows were hung with beads.—
R. J. PORTER, Aberdeen, Fife.

London coffee bars like Whites and
Lloyds had their heyday in the
eighteenth century. Much of the
capital's business was transacted in
them. But in the next century, the
teapot replaced the coffee biggin.

Making Sure

IS the information given to market
research interviewers (JOHN BULL,
October 1) reliable enough for definite
conclusions to be reached? I heard a
man tell an interviewer lurid tales of
his drinking habits when really he
drank only beer. A woman said
primly that she did not drink at all
and, when reproached by her friend,
said: "Well, I don't tell everyone
my business." —J. T. THOMPSON,
Bridport, Dorset.

"We are well aware that some
people may not tell the truth," says
Mass - Observation, "and guard
against it by check questions. For

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

THIS WEEK'S COVER

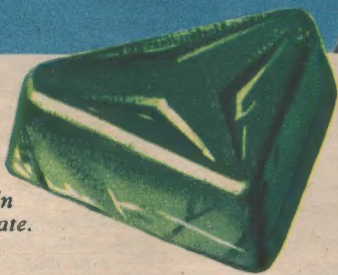
LET'S BE FAIR: shaving could be a
lot worse. Samuel Pepys, for in-
stance, had to tame his stubble with
pumice stone (and found the process
"easy, speedy and cleanly"), and the
tougher Burmese still pull their
whiskers out by the roots. But wives,
it's true, are a nuisance. When a man
lathers up, his temper for the day is
balanced on a razor's edge. One slip
and his confidence is shattered. Yet
wives insist on barging into the bath-
room at the most terrifying moments.
So far, Ralph Bruce's cover husband
hasn't been put off his stroke, but
the intruder is tempting fate. She'd
better get out the styptic pencil and
prepare for a bad-tempered breakfast.





NOISETTE PATE

*Finely ground nuts in
delicious milk chocolate.*



GOLDEN TOFFEE WAFER

*A dainty golden
disc of rich
dessert toffee.*



CHOCOLATE TRUFFLE

*Rich truffle moulded
in smooth, plain chocolate.*



He loves me..he loves me not..he loves me..

She'll get the right answer whichever she chooses . . . with 18 different varieties of the most adorable toffees and chocolates to choose from; Noisette Pate . . . Golden Toffee Wafer . . . or perhaps Mackintosh's Chocolate Truffle . . . and there are still fifteen more heavenly Quality Street inspirations . . . What a delicious dilemma! No one ever says 'No' to Mackintosh's.

Mackintosh's
'Quality Street'
REGD

Flying plus

...variety, interest and
satisfaction



GOOD COMPANIONS. Flying men are individualists—who work together. To be of their company is to have as your friends the most dependable men in the world.



In the Royal Air Force today, the adventure of flight is only one aspect of a steady, responsible career that can see a man through a long working life. Unlike most civilian jobs, it's a career that manages to satisfy both a young man's desire for action and accomplishment; and his later need for independence and security. And what a full life it is.

As a pilot or a navigator, you're concerned with many more things than taking an aircraft through the sound barrier. You'll be responsible for other people, too, and even perhaps for part of our future history.

Across the world

Almost certainly, you'll serve abroad, enjoying all the opportunities open to an officer in the Air Force, and acting as an ambassador for this country's way of life. Don't think it's an easy job. It calls for men who can think for themselves and for others. It demands brains and it demands personality.

If you have these qualities and can develop them further, fast, a R.A.F. career offers the chance of a lifetime. It brings more rewards in good living (and good fellowship) than you'll find anywhere outside the service—and it brings them while you're young.

Here is a great opportunity. If you are between the ages of 17½ and 26, if

you're absolutely fit, and if you've passed G.C.E., S.L.C. (or their equivalents), ask yourself this question: "Have I got the other qualities it takes to live this flying life to the full?" If the answer is yes, do something about it today.

HOW TO FLY WITH THE R.A.F.

You can now be granted a Direct Commission as pilot or navigator for a limited period or for service right up to pension age. There are further details of these two schemes and a full description of life in the R.A.F. in Air Ministry publications, that are yours for the asking. Your first step is to write for them, stating date of birth and educational qualifications, to the Air Ministry, (J.B.301), Adastral House, London, W.C.1. They are well worth reading.



RESPONSIBILITY... AND RELAXATION

Linked with duties that demand your utmost, come sporting opportunities of the greatest scope. Winter sports, gliding, ice-yachting—these are well within your means.



The Royal Air Force
Flying ...and a career

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

example, a person who says he always goes to church may later be asked, "What did you do last Sunday?"

Short Sighted?

POLICEMEN are scarce, yet my husband, who has always wanted to join the force, cannot do so because he wears glasses. Surely men like himself, who meet police requirements in every other way, could be recruited to take over from those experienced officers tied down by clerical work.—P. D. LEYLAND, Preston, Lancashire.

Establishment, and physical requirements, vary with different forces. In the Metropolitan police area, administrative duties are done by civilians who have passed the Civil Service exams. The Lancashire County Constabulary is increasingly using civilian women for clerical work, and will not accept men with defective vision.

Quaker Pioneers

I AM a great admirer of Bedales (Editorial, October 1), but this was not the first co-educational boarding school. Quaker schools like Saffron Walden (1807), Sidcot (1808), Wigton (1815), Ayton (1841) and Sibford (1842) were co-educational. Although, in the early stages, boys and girls

COMING SOON TO JOHN BULL

FRENCH LEAVE

a carefree new novel by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Full details next week

were taught separately, they lived on the same premises. Later, much fuller co-education was adopted, the Friends' basing their policy on a sincere belief in the absolute equality of the sexes.—J. E. BRIGHAM, Foxton, Hertfordshire.

Poetic Policeman

THE POETICAL way in which Charles B. Child's Inspector Chafik makes the most commonplace observations (JOHN BULL, September 24) reminds me of Ernest Bramah's tales of Kai Lung's Golden Hours. How did Mr. Child become so well acquainted with the mental outlook of the inhabitants of the Tigris-Euphrates valley? — J. RICHARDS, Great Crosby, Liverpool, 23.

Child, a restless traveller for twenty-eight years, was posted to Iraq and Persia during the war. There he met some interesting people, including several who contributed to the creation of Chafik J. Chafik.

Doubtful Relief

UNLIKE Mr. Cliff ("Free Speech," September 24), some people with mortgaged houses may be better off, in the short term, because of the rise in the interest rate. Some building societies do not increase the monthly payments, but will extend the time for repayment. The householder pays no more each month, but can claim extra tax relief immediately. Of course, he pays in the end.—V. I. JACKSON, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post



MILK WAFER

NOW REDUCED TO 2/1^d 1/2 lb.

One of the loveliest chocolate biscuits Cadbury's ever made. Crisp, crunchy layers of wafer biscuit, with mouth-watering creme between—and, of course, a thick covering of Cadbury's delicious 'Dairy Milk' chocolate. Cadbury quality unchanged.



COVERED WITH CADBURY'S 'DAIRY MILK' CHOCOLATE — *that's the difference!*



It's
good
to be
alive...

Hovis

is the slice of life

HHealth, happiness and Hovis—they go together just as naturally and rightly as Hovis and butter, Hovis and honey or Hovis and cheese...

Do you know that there is as much wheatgerm in a loaf of Hovis as in eight loaves of wholemeal bread? And wheatgerm is, of course, the very best part of the wheat—as well as the natural secret of the flavour that Hovis families like so much.

Do you enjoy your bread as much as they do? Try Hovis for a week or two and see how fine it tastes, how fit you feel. Start now, and eat Hovis for life.



Eric Barker begins the lighthearted story of his life. He wandered into show business—and slayed on to become radio's wittiest comic

STEADY BARKER!

A FAIRY STORY ROAD wound through a village and over a hump-backed bridge. Lights from the Tudor-style houses twinkled along it. An enormous goose, which I liked very much, somehow contrived to walk towards us down this road, all round the bends and over the hump-backed bridge, and then it arrived on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre. That is the first thing I ever remember. I cannot recall going there, or coming away. And it was the first thing I told our maidservant, Laura Boles, when I got home to Chevening Road, Brondesbury, London. I also told her that the fairies in the pantomime had no shoes or stockings on.

It was an important thing to have happened to me, for it meant that henceforward I would remember almost everything. I even remember that we had fried fish that same night for supper. We were just eating it when there was a horrible rumble and our Venetian blind bellied out into the room like the mizzen of the Golden Hind. I learned years afterwards that this was the Silver-town explosion, which was considered no end of a bang in its day. My mother put us, together with our fried fish, under the table, as she said it was the Boche again. It was 1917 and I was five.

Up till this time, the war could not have touched us much personally. My father continued to ply his trade of selling paper, a business that was beginning to prosper. My mother continued to entertain friends to tea in the pink-papered room in the front of the house.

Laura Boles was our first servant, and Mother, determined to do the thing in style, toggled her up in the full regalia—apron, cap and starched cuffs with the pearl studs in. She was trained, too, to open the door of the pink-papered room and say respectfully: "Madam, the Patmores are here." She would already have asked the Patmores to wait in the hall. Mother, of course, had heard the Patmores arrive, and the Patmores knew that she must have heard them arrive, but they played the game, though they must have been a little jealous of Laura. So far as the social whirl of Brondesbury went in 1917, Laura was a trump card. My mother tells the story that on one occasion Laura opened the door discreetly and said: "Madam, the Zepps are here!"

I am glad to say Laura is still alive, though she now lives in Hitchin as Mrs. Walter Scott. We write to each other regularly and she is a fierce critic in her letters. If I do anything, especially on television, to incur her disapproval, she says: "Regarding the so-and-so scene. I did not care for that *at all*."

THE Zepps began to call more frequently. Then a new menace appeared, the Gotha. These planes carried a new horror, the two-pound bomb. Father decided that the odds against our surviving these two-pounders were too great, and we moved to a little village called Lower Bourne, near Farnham in Surrey. We had a village green, a paddock, pine woods and heather. This was the happiest part of my childhood. I remember happy things here: climbing trees and sewing laurel leaves with grass-threaded pine needles; keeping a tame rabbit; riding on a donkey which my friend Mr. Vater used to tether in our paddock. His wife, I recall, had a singular accomplishment; she could cut a wasp in two with a kitchen knife while it was on the wing. There was a stream, too, with little sandy bays in it. The whole thing remains in my

On TV and radio Eric Barker defies his critics—he clowns to please himself





Eric as a baby, with his father and his grandmother. Barker senior walked to London to find a job, worked as a paper porter, then founded his own business



"I looked like a frustrated church organist," says Barker (far amateur dance band. His first show business setback came when

consciousness as a great splurge of delight. From it, I know, sprang the only ambition which I can really say I have fulfilled—that is to live in the heart of the countryside.

Then one day, Father received his call-up papers and was summoned to attend a medical. I still recall the strange atmosphere at home. My Aunt Dorothy burst into tears at breakfast; Father was unfurled and in his London suit. He came home again fairly late that evening. I was up but in my dressing-gown when he came through the door. All I can remember then is a lot of kissing and joy, and Aunt Dorothy bursting into tears again. I did not know what C3 meant, of course, but that was undoubtedly what set all this exuberance off. Not only was Father utterly rejected as a defender of the land that spawned him, but he was also given the reason—he had only one lung.

FOR years after that, although he worked extremely hard, Father was always treated at home as a man who could not be expected to behave as other men. He sat a lot, he did not fetch the coals, he did not move ladders, or dig, or walk far, or do anything strenuous. Let me hasten to add that his inclination was to do all these things, but that he forebore to do them for the sake of the family. When at about sixty-five he suddenly went down with pneumonia—and this before penicillin or sulpha drugs, when lungs fought their own battles—he wrote him off in our hearts.

Mother told the doctor not to keep anything from us as, knowing he had only one lung, she was prepared. This made the doctor look rather more worried than he had been doing, and he returned to my father and had another go over him with his stethoscope. Then a specialist came down from London at enormous expense, and did precisely the same thing. Father recovered in due course, the striking thing about the illness being the medical discovery that he had two perfectly sound lungs like most of us.

At last it was adjudged safe to come back nearer London, and Father bought a house on the Brighton road at Purley in Surrey, called West Dene. It was a tasteless, red brick house with a railway at the back, and one of those inevitable shrubberies in the front that rarely

seem to grow or die, but just get covered with dust. Later, when charabancs started going to Brighton on Saturdays, we would wait apprehensively for the return journeys, as our shrubbery held an uncanny fascination for any passenger with a mind to get rid of his beer bottles.

We were at West Dene when the end of the war came. I remember that on Armistice Day my maternal grandmother told me to come out on to the lawn with her. Both of us had tin trays in our hands, and I had an intuition that at any moment this was going to turn out to be a red-letter day. Sure enough, I was right.

"Bang it!" she commanded at zero hour, and we both banged and banged, and Mother came out on the lawn and cheered, and my Aunt Dorothy brought her tears into action again. As if this were not enough excitement for one morning, a single locomotive sauntered by at the top of the huge embankment at the back, whistling the whole way, and the driver and fireman answered my personal wave. Often in the ensuing years I used to wave, and frequently had success with passengers, but this was the only time I remember the big cheeses unbending.

The war's end gave Mother a good excuse for her biggest party to date. We had Chinese lanterns hanging in the garden, and refreshments and fruit cup and Stone's ginger wine (we were staunch teetotallers), foxtrotting and two-stepping to a gramophone. I said we were staunch teetotallers, but I should have excepted my maternal grandmother. She had one bottle of stout every evening about nine, and no consideration whatsoever would deflect her from this. I had a great affection for the old lady, who died only a few years ago at the age of ninety.

Time passed. I was eight, and then happened the second happiest event of my life, after that sojourn in the countryside at Farnham. I wrote my first book. I had a cold, and had just read *King Solomon's Mines*, and I sat down there and then and wrote:

"In Search Of The Nubocora"

By Eric Barker

(ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR)

This book was a rounded story of fictitious African exploration in four chapters, and in

many respects bore a marked resemblance to Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*. I was shy about it, but I secretly summoned up enough courage to let our old vicar read it. To my delight he asked me with a convincing note of anticipation in his voice when I was going to write the sequel.

It was hard work thinking it out, and I worried over the bits where I couldn't imagine what to do next with all these milling characters, but they were mine. I owned them, I had plucked them from nowhere and set them down at my bidding, and it was the most exciting experience I had ever had.

MY paternal grandfather was a stationmaster, who died in uniform at Rickmansworth. Unfortunately, in those days pension schemes for stationmasters, when they existed at all, only covered those who were actually swept away on the buffers of a non-stop. For anything less than this your widow received the directors' condolences followed by bronze chrysanthemums.

This is what my Grandmother Barker received. My father was three, the youngest of six, and Grandmother Barker, with nothing but her own courage, set out to keep them. She became village schoolmistress of Harefield, in Middlesex, and therefore my father, from babyhood until he was seventeen, was brought up in an atmosphere of the three Rs and of a constant anxiety as to where the next meal was coming from.

Father was a fine person, straight as a die in business and private life, generous to a fault, a good Christian, a warm and charming friend, and his memory is as green to me now, ten years after his death, as it was at the time. He walked to London when he was seventeen to find a job. His vocation at that time was to go into the Church, but he could not see his way to swotting for exams and helping support his mother, too, so he went to work—on the railway like his father. He actually worked his way up to controlling one of the turntables outside St. Pancras Station, but he caught the heel of his shoe in it one day, and it destroyed his confidence. He unloaded corn for a chandler, and then became a paper porter at Spicer's.

Eventually striking his modest plau of good



left). He was nearly sixteen and had formed an orchestra, but the other players did not invite him to lead it

fortune, my father had the idea—as so many others with his hard background have had—to send his children to schools whence they could enter life a little higher up the ladder. Accordingly, until I was eight I went to the most select kindergarten that could be found. This was called Southover, and was at Coulsdon. A period at a prep school followed and then at eleven I went to Whitgift School at Croydon.

May I say here and now that I do not subscribe to the sentiment that one's schooldays are the happiest days of one's life. In fact I am pretty sure they were the most miserable of mine, apart from the years I spent in the navy.

I must honestly state that never at any period during my schooldays did anyone ever detect the slightest sign of ability in me as a performer. I was never in any plays, pageants or charades. I never recited poems, made speeches in debating societies or even called for three cheers for Mr. Fisher. I think really I was too shy. I am still so shy of appearing in public that I suffer every time, though what they pay me now fortifies me.

HOWEVER, failure though I was at amateur dramatics, I kept on writing and when I was about thirteen I produced a few farcical short stories, poor carbon copies of the late Ashley Sterne's *Twisted Tales*. I had a form master I liked, called Mr. Ewen. One great day at the end of term he asked me suddenly if I had any objection to his reading aloud to the form some of the stories that I had shown him. This was it at last. It was wonderful. He read. They laughed. It seemed to flow. It had shape. I determined to write and write and write.

My determination was one thing, but the writing itself was another. I'm afraid a great lull in writing followed for about two years. I was rising fourteen and I went to a birthday party, which for the first time included dancing. My sister Vera had taught me to foxtrot round the billiards table at home, so I was one of the few at the party who was in a position to ask the ladies to dance.

At the dance I spotted a girl with very fair hair and a smile of sorts. When I danced with her, she was most agreeable to the touch. And

Continued on page 53



Eric in Aunt Dorothy's arms, and Laura Boles with his brother Don and sister Vera. Laura, in the full regalia of her housemaid's uniform, was the Barkers' trump card for impressing local society



In the garden at Purley, Eric and Vera (on his right) and their friends put on plays. "I was shy about acting even then," he says. "I still am—but now I am fortified by what they pay me"

THE FAMILY MAN

by **NORAH BURKE**

ILLUSTRATED BY FORSTER

Kalu was twelve and he had to care for all the others. If I can feed them, he thought, and keep out of debt . . .

WHEN KALU'S FATHER DIED, he left him a strip of terraced cultivation in the hills, a plough, an ox, and four small brothers and sisters to look after. Kalu was about twelve years old.

As eldest son, he attended first of all to the passage of his father's spirit into heaven. From the time when he clasped those dying Hindu fingers round the tail of a black heifer so that the departing spirit could cross the river of blood into celestial realms, from the time when he had burned cow dung and engaged a priest to intone prayers and ring his bell, to the last moments of cremation and the casting of the ashes into the sacred waters of the Ganges, Kalu did everything that a son could do.

Then he took stock of life.

If I can feed them all, he thought, and keep out of debt. . . .

Five children and one ox had to live off a small plot of land and what they could collect out of the jungle. Kalu loved his little brothers and sisters, and he made his plans.

I shall grow wheat, barley, mustard, rape seed, potatoes, turnips, he decided. The ox will feed mostly on fodder from the forest. The girls will cut grass for him, and they will fetch sticks and water, and they will reap and winnow the corn, and husk and grind the grain, and cook the flour which they get. The boys will work beside me. They will graze the ox and till the land. When there is money I shall go down to the bazaar and buy chillies and rice and ghee and salt. We shall live well. I will not borrow unless the children are starving.

Kalu was an ordinary Indian boy from the foothills of the Himalayas, his mother already dead of some fever. His body was small, because of hard work and malaria and not much food. Often it shone most beautifully with sweat. He had huge black Indian eyes which, when he looked upon his little family, reflected things from inside him that no man can declare in words.

So Kalu and his little family went to work, and nothing troubled them for a while. Sometimes, when Kalu went into the village, he passed the place where the bania conducted his business in grain and usury. The bania watched with interest as the boy passed, knowing that he was now the head of his family and might well be in greater need of a loan than most. And one day he stopped Kalu and spoke to him.

"A few rupees?" the bania suggested. "I lend at the usual rates of interest."

"No, thank you," replied Kalu.

"It is nothing. Everyone comes to me."

"I have enough," said the boy.

The bania watched Kalu walking away from him. "Presently," he called. "I am always

here." For debt is the natural condition for everyone everywhere, and he held all the village in the hollow of his hand.

Kalu did not reply or look back.

He had plenty to do.

All the mountains here were ringed with terraced fields upon which the people laboured. It was precipitous land. In places the terraces were barely ten feet wide, and held up by walls twenty and thirty feet high, each stone of which had been brought by human labour. On every terrace there was this steep wall one side and a deep drop the other.

Kalu and his brothers and sisters lived in a stone hut with a slate roof that had been put together at the top end of their terrace, from whence the owner could survey his land, and protect it if need be from the jungle marauders. Birds and monkeys visited the cultivation; and though the real jungle was some way off, porcupines left their burrows at night and hustled along the footpaths to dig among the root crops, and they were much bothered also by a determined old boar. Even deer visited the more accessible outlying crops.

KALU'S OX was so valuable that they had him indoors at night, in case a panther came down from the wild hills in search of meat. They dried the dung pats for fuel, and the smell of smouldering manure was as familiar in their lives as the chatter of mynahs, or the ring of an axe in the forest. As familiar as the clink of plough on stone, in the stony earth and the drumming of millions of big drops on distant leaves in the monsoon when rain was rushing towards them.

They were not poor. They could afford one meat meal a month. Every day they could eat chillies or other fierce spices, and rice, and oil, and several dark leathery chupattis, hand-flapped and baked on a stone laid over the fire. The house was sound: it had settled into the patched and comfortable dilapidation of a normal home. They had two charpoys to sleep on, and two bits of blanket to wrap round their heads at night.

They also had earthen gurrals with which to fetch water from the irrigation furrow; and several brass lotahs too, in which to keep such things as oil and the powdered ginger which they had rubbed into their father's palms to try to keep him warm when he was dying.

They had a lantern with a glass chimney so there was no need to add lamp-smoke to the other smells in the hut, and both girls had glass bangles to wear.

If a special visitor had come to the house, they could have spread ghooral skins for him, and offered him rice and lentils to eat on a brass



They raced to get the fire lit. They snatched

plate, with chupattis, and tea made with milk and sweetened with jaggery.

So Kalu put his ox into the plough and worked his land. He sowed seed and repaired the terrace wall. He apportioned the labour, the boys to work hard as well as the girls, and presently the first green blade—his own—appeared through the brown earth. Kalu had of course helped his father for many years, ever since he could remember, and he had seen many blades and many harvests, but this was his own first leaf.

It was followed by others. The earth blushed green. If he put his face down close to it and looked flat along his fields, the crop seemed already thick and good.

Now they did what they could to protect it. Kalu cut up a whole good kerosene oil tin for clappers; and when the root crops began to form, someone sat up each night to guard them.

Kalu rejoiced over his crops that grew and swelled and promised full bellies. He bound his



tins and sticks and ran about their land beating and shouting. If they did not stop the locusts, their food for a whole year would be destroyed

pugaree across his forehead to stop sweat running into his eyes, and girded himself in pride and resolution to his work. And each day his muscles were strong in the morning and tired at night, and strong and tired, and strong and tired, in that best and splendid rhythm of satisfaction which makes the happiness of man.

Sometimes they allowed themselves a little extra to eat; and sometimes in the evening Kalu sat on his hunkers at the door of this hut doing nothing whatever but gaze into the setting sun, which, behind the trees, lay striped like a tiger.

BUT one day, at the wrong time of year, a cloud appeared over the eastern hills, and grew, and spread up the sky, and put out the sun.

"Rain?" said second brother, surprised, and turned up his face and the palms of his hands.

"I do not like it," replied, Kalu, staring.

He stopped work to watch the cloud. It was

swelling and swirling, and getting darker and closer every minute. Suddenly, with his good jungle eyes, he could see that it was not one cloth as in the monsoon, but made up of millions of bits. And he could hear a whirring.

He dropped his hoe and he shouted to his family.

"It is locusts. Leave everything! Get tins! Get wood! Build a fire here so the wind blows the smoke over our land. Run!"

But already the insects were falling. The first dropped at his feet, snapped its wings shut, and crawled, and hopped. Kalu flattened it with one hard bare heel, but others fell thick and fast, and more and more and more, in a shining rain.

They raced to get the fire lit. Wood that had been gathered in the jungle and transported two miles on the shoulders of the girls and that should have lasted a week was thrown into the blaze. They added the cakes of dung that had been drying in the sun on the roof and that ought to have been stored for use in the

monsoon. They cast in everything, some of it valuable, some green, and some that would not burn at all.

But the wind was chancy. Smoke that should have rolled over the crops went this way, that way, or even straight up. It stung their eyes.

They snatched tins and lotahs and sticks and ran about their land, beating and shouting. All around them the insects fell and ate.

The main cloud of destruction still streamed on overhead, from east to west. The bulk of the insects had not yet reached the end of their flight, but the underside of the cloud dragged on the ground, and Kalu was in it.

Whole acres crawled with the insects, and Kalu could hear them eating. It was like the tick of machinery. Every plant, every leaf, was crammed with the great grasshoppers which, all elbows, their glass wings folded, were steadily destroying the food for the whole next year.

After a while everybody slowed up shouting

and clapping, because there was nothing more they could do. All was ruined.

Kalu looked at his bit of land, nothing but a bristle of bare stalks now, and the fields brown again, all of it still moving. He could feel his eyes and throat.

He went into the hut to count what they had got left.

The hut was a dark and friendly place, a home, in which you could always smell sweat and animal. Creatures came in and shared it with them. It was dark and cool in here in the daytime. The beam pickled by years of smoke, and the mud floor stamped smooth as marble by bare brown feet. Kalu shivered suddenly in the coldness, because he was wet through.

He sized up the bags of grain and atta flour. Two gurrahs stood in the dark, full of soft river water. There was drink at least, and a little food.

He had seen famine once, when the rains failed, and whole villages fed on bark and grass seeds and forest berries that were nothing but a bit of sour skin and stone. The bones of men and women could be seen, and children's tummies stuck out, and the oxen had haunches like tents.

Now he pulled his dhoti in to accustom himself to a smaller belly. All would be hungry now, and some of this grain must be stored to use as seed.

THAT night they ate locusts, and Kalu said, "Eat all you can. It will be months before we can eat again like this."

So they roasted a great pile of them. It smelled wonderful—hot and rich, with its own particular flavour, and they boiled a little rice, tossed up light and dry, to eat with the insects, and one or two chupattis to spoon them up with, and they crunched the roasted locusts and enjoyed them.

They gathered all the insects they could store in a gurrah for another time; and the rest—those that had not been eaten by birds—they ploughed back into the land to manure it.

Kalu set his ox in the plough once more, and ploughed and broke up the earth and sowed it anew, and offered rice and marigolds at the nearest shrine.

He reduced the food he allowed his family to eat. Though he could not look at the babies as he said so.

At first, they were all hungry, because they were not accustomed to so very little, and they all dreamed about food in their sleep . . . piles of fresh hot chupattis, bowls of rice with steam on it, salt and green chillies and mustard oil, sweets made of curds and sugar, and many seers of milk.

But in the morning all they got was a little parched gram. And during the day, quite often, a sharp pain came, and they were not hungry at all, they did not want food.

Then gradually all this passed, and they became accustomed to the new conditions. Neighbours made them small presents, even out of their own pinched economy. Somehow, they did not die.

But it became difficult to do all the work which was waiting to be done. The jungle—the source of all fodder and fuel and building material—seemed more than two miles away now. It was as much as the children could do to get there, let alone tie up the sticks and carry them home.

Once, they all had fever together and lay burning hot and cold on the charpoys, with shivering fits and dry mouths and no water, their bones aching in to the marrow, and two of the family delirious. But they recovered and forgot about it.

Kalu eked out their small supply of food as long as he could, but he knew that in the end he would have to borrow money to buy more. Every day the shadow of the bania crept nearer



Kalu's eyes nearly dropped out when he saw the silver coins. One by one, the man made them ring on the stone

to the humble stone hut. And finally the day came when Kalu went down to the village, to the moneylender who sat glistening on his grain bags, and borrowed ten rupees.

"The interest will be five rupees a year," explained the bania, making the necessary entry in his books, for he was a learned man and could read and write. He was wealthy too, and kind, helping those who had not been blessed with money as he had. No one who came to borrow of him was ever sent empty away.

Kalu was coughing and crying because of the rank cigarette smoke that was drifting about. He wiped his eyes in order to see the entry in the ledger. He could not read or write, but he understood what was said, and he put his thumb mark to it, and got himself into debt, perhaps for life.

Then the bania took a small bag made of bright brown sambur leather, worked soft and dirty, and when he opened it Kalu's eyes nearly dropped out, for the bag was full to the brim with silver coins.

Carelessly, the man helped himself to a handful, and made each rupee ring on a flat stone, to prove it was real silver; and counted ten of

them into Kalu's brown hand that had almost never touched silver money in his life before.

Kalu twisted the money into his dhoti, and he looked about him in the bazaar to see what was to be had.

There were booths of vegetables, fruit, sweets. Even a cloth stall displaying saris of every colour, and miles of white cotton for dhotis and pugarees and so on. Trays of glass jewellery stabbed his eyes with sunlight. But he did not waste time looking at such things. Nor did he bother with sweets and oranges.

He bought a little coarse atta flour, and some rice and rancid butter to put with it. At the vegetable stall he was lucky, there were some large damaged turnips for sale, cheap. He bought four of them. They were so hot that the fumes escaping from the bruised skin made his eyes run.

KALU went home. He had already spent almost a whole rupee. He hid the rest of the money under the hearth of the hut and took out, in the coming months, a coin or two as needed. The small store slowly but steadily diminished, for the family had not yet recovered



and cast about for information as he went. He listened for what the monkeys and birds might tell him, to find out where the tiger might be lying up for the day.

Then suddenly he noticed a crow stepping about in a sal tree and cocking its eye downwards, and after a bit he found the kill well hidden under thorn—a wild pig, half-eaten. Since it was hidden, and not left out for all to see, it was clear that the tiger intended returning to his kill, and the crow was too nervous to go down yet for a mouthful, but Kalu took his knife from his waist and hacked off a shoulder of pork.

That night they fed as they had seldom fed before. The moon shone sweet and golden on a peaceful valley.

Things went better. The rains came. The crops grew. They found a wild bees' nest and got the honey. Kalu bought drops of holy water from men who had walked all the way to Benares to get it, and who carried it in two blown glass vessels in wicker on a stick over their shoulders.

And all the time, even when the family was hungry, Kalu put aside an anna, or a pice, or perhaps only a pi—one-sixteenth of one penny—into the hole under the hearth. When he had got sixteen annas, he changed them into a rupee, and in this way he hoped one day to have ten whole rupees, to count out before the bania, as well as the interest, and so be free of his bond.

That day did not come quickly. Kalu never expected that it would, for the total of fifteen rupees was a great sum to save. Many people were not able to save even the interest on what they had borrowed, and had to borrow more to pay it, and so stayed in debt to the bania all their lives.

Kalu was determined not to do this. He was resolved to pay off the whole sum. His land was barely enough to support his family. It was not enough to support the bania too.

A TIME came when there were fourteen rupees in the hole under the hearth, and it was then that Kalu called his little family together:

"Now we need only one more rupee to pay the bania," he said. "Therefore we will not eat ghee or chillies until the money is paid."

Kalu's brothers and sisters listened to what Kalu said, and did not question it. They did not understand why the bania must be paid, but they accepted Kalu's edict in the matter as they accepted everything he told them. From then on they ate their rice without ghee or chillies and did not complain.

In the weeks that followed they had no more pieces of luck, but they suffered no great misfortunes either. The little hoard of coins grew slowly, until at last the day came when Kalu took the money out of its hiding place and added the last pi that made up the last rupee.

That same day he tied all the money up safe and, with a stick in his hand against disaster, walked down to the bania's shop. He changed the smaller coins into a rupee, and then he made the fifteen rupees ring on the bania's stone, one by one.

"It is sufficient if you repay the interest," the bania said. "I do not require the whole sum."

"Nevertheless, I am here to pay you," Kalu said. "I do not wish to pay you five rupees again next year for nothing."

"For five rupees you have the use of ten," the bania said.

"That may be so," Kalu said. "But, when I have paid you, I shall have the use of my own money for nothing."

The bania could not argue against that. So Kalu put down his money and got his paper and went out again, a free man. Then he walked home, tall and proud, to go on with his life.

There were good times and bad times, and Kalu was one grain in the sand of India. No one ever heard about him.

THE END

from the locusts, and Kalu had to continue to buy food.

The lean time continued, but then their fortunes took a turn for the better. This happened when the younger boys came upon a tiger's footprints in the sand of a dried water-course as they were crossing the nullah to find fresh grazing for the ox, prodding a stick into his bones to get him along. The boys weren't really allowed here, for this was government reserved forest, and if the forest guard caught them he would impound their animal. But they were here. Then they saw the footprints.

When they mentioned the matter to Kalu, he said at once: "Perhaps the tiger has killed. I will go and look."

So he went to the place where they told him they had seen the pug marks coming down into the nullah out of heavy grass under an old haldu tree; and there they were, last night's tracks, clear in the damp sand. Kalu remembered that he had vaguely heard a pair of tigers calling in the distance last night, and he felt very hopeful.

The tracks went up the nullah and then off into scrub jungle. He lost them, he picked them up again. He went two miles down a fireline

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



Mr. Morgan's Happy Day

DUDLEY BARKER's human short story of a man who pitied his friends, burdened by wives and families. For Mr. Morgan, big business was happiness—until one special day. . . .

Crossroads of the World

HARRY HOPKINS begins this tour of the Arab countries in the Middle East—where oil is creating rich new worlds for old

Ringside Doctor

ELEVEN amateur boxers have died after fights in the last ten years. Don Everitt describes how doctors are trying to take the danger out of boxing

AND ANOTHER NEW BOOK CONDENSATION

SEE PAGE 32

Doctors, daydreamers and cranks have worried about getting to sleep. It would take all night to try their golden rules

BEDTIME STORY

by KEITH ELLIS

ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, two oddly related cases were reported in the newspapers within a few days of each other. The first concerned a Miss Carolina Karlsen. A lifelong inhabitant of a remote country town in Sweden, Miss Karlsen had slept for thirty-two years. One night in 1876, when she was thirteen years old, her mother had put her to bed in the usual way. Next morning, she failed to wake up. She stayed asleep until 1908, when she was forty-five. After regaining her strength, she lived another forty-two years in perfect health.

The other report concerned a Mr. Ernest Lanchbery, of West Ewell, Surrey. Lanchbery was eighty-one years of age and claimed that during the previous fifty years he had slept for only forty minutes. "I rest," he said. "I go to bed to make the night seem shorter—but I never 'go over.'" He too, claimed to enjoy good health.

Doctors have no satisfactory explanation for either case. They know little about why people fall asleep when they do.

They have suggested that sleep is a mere animal instinct, that it is a subconscious reversion to the womb or, most revolutionary of all, that it is man's normal state and that what calls for explanation is not why he falls asleep but why he wakes up.

Some time ago, Dr. John Doust of London's Maudsley Hospital tried to find out something about sleep by measuring changes in the oxygen level in the blood. Taking at various times six men and one woman, all between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-six, he arranged for them to sleep in his laboratory. They were allowed to change into pyjamas, clean their teeth, read and, as far as possible, follow their nightly routine.

Before they went to sleep, however, he clipped to their ears instruments called oximeters which recorded the changes in the concentration of oxygen in their blood.

Doust discovered that from the moment the light was switched off, the oxygen level declined. From a normal ninety-six per cent when a sleeper first went to bed, it dropped to between ninety and ninety-two during a period that he called pre-sleep. In this, the body was relaxed and the mind drowsy. After groans gasps and snores, the sleeper passed into a light sleep and the oxygen level fell to between eighty-nine and ninety per cent. Finally, between 4 a.m. and 5 a.m., came the deepest sleep of all when, for a bare thirty minutes, the oxygen level was as low as eighty-seven or eighty-eight per cent. Afterwards, sleep gradually lightened and the oxygen level slowly returned to normal.

So far, Doust's discoveries had seemed to support yet another theory of sleep—that it is

caused by a shortage of oxygen in the brain. Those who hold this theory say that sitting down in front of a fire induces sleep because the blood has collected in the legs and the feet so that the brain is comparatively starved of the blood which carries oxygen. Similarly, a heavy meal induces sleep because more blood has been diverted from the brain to aid in the work of digestion.

Doust found, however, that the oxygen level was often low when the sleeper awoke. When this happened, the subject, though not asleep, was not fully conscious. As this tended to contradict the brain anaemia theory, Doust cautiously suggests: "It is not legitimate to correlate the diminished oxygen levels completely with sleep but rather to identify them with the levels of relative unawareness which are so much the necessary components of sleep."

In other words, the cause of sleep is still unknown.

Had To Move To Keep Awake

About the only thing that scientists agree on is the elementary fact that the body *does* need sleep. Researchers who stayed awake for a mere three days found themselves irritable and unsteady on their feet. At the end of the third day, they developed delusions and found that they could stay awake only if they moved about. As soon as they relaxed their muscles—if only by sitting down—they immediately fell asleep.

But nobody knows *why* people need sleep. It does not even give the body a complete rest. By attaching a trigger mechanism to the springs of volunteers' beds, Professor H. M. Johnson, of the Mellon Institute, in Pittsburgh, America, took photographs every time they stirred. All moved between twenty and sixty times a night. In twenty-five years' study of sleep, Johnson found only one man who slept like a log. He was a heavily drugged lunatic.

In sleep, all the main organs keep going. The blood pressure falls, the heart slows, but like the lungs and the digestive system, it continues to function much as it does during the day. The activity of the skin actually accelerates so that it sweats more and radiates more heat. That is why lost mountaineers must stay awake. If they fall asleep, they lose more body heat and suffer more quickly from exposure.

Nor can scientists agree on how much sleep is needed. Originally man slept in the dark and rose with the light. In the Middle Ages, the *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, the most famous popular medical book, advocated six hours. An old rhyme went:

*Nature requires five,
Custom takes seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.*

Napoleon said: "Six for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool." Today, with no good



And so to bed—with gadgets from an American by a mental-suggestion expert. In her electric

reason, most people think of eight hours as the norm, but many men and women take six hours or even less with no ill-effects. Others feel below par unless they have a full nine hours.

In an effort to solve the problem, an American inventor named Buckminster Fuller decided to find out just what Nature demanded. At the time, he was living in a lonely house in Nebraska, working out the specifications of a revolutionary type of house—"a machine for living." He had noticed that Service men in the first World War had remained alert and healthy in action with very little sleep for days at a time. He had also noticed that cats and babies, taking their sleep in snatches, had a different system from adults.

Fuller decided to sleep just when he felt tired. The moment he felt himself nodding over his drawing-board, he went straight to bed. He got up and returned to his work the moment he awoke. After a month, he found that he was establishing a definite cycle of sleeping and waking; he was taking four naps in every twenty-four hour period and each nap lasted exactly half an hour.

Fuller followed this cycle for a year, taking a mere two hours' sleep a day, and regular



Sleep Shop. The air is circulated, conditioned, humidified and scented. Under his "sleep shades," the man listens to a metronomic luller and a record slippers, his wife smokes through a robot cigarette holder and has a massage while her bed pulsates and the sheep-rotator and yawn-inducer go to work

medical checks showed that he was keeping normal health and weight.

Doctors have now reached the stage of saying that grown men and women need whatever sleep they think they need. From a purely bodily point of view, most could probably manage on less. Surprisingly, manual workers need less sleep than mental workers, an average of five hours against seven, and old people need less sleep than young people. But for everyone it has been said: "You are getting the right amount of sleep if you wake up five minutes before the alarm goes off."

Doctors agree that this period could be shortened and efficiency increased if people took cat-naps when they felt tired during the day. The best-known exponent of the cat-nap is Sir Winston Churchill, who always insists on having an hour's sleep immediately after lunch, no matter how critical the times. Until recently, it enabled him to work at least until midnight, and, during the war, until considerably later.

Unfortunately, there are many men and women whose problem is not how much sleep they should take, but how to get any at all. A Gallup Poll taken in 1948 showed that in Great Britain, thirteen people out of a hundred

frequently had difficulty in getting to sleep. Another twenty-eight had trouble occasionally. Every year, doctors sign 20 million prescriptions for sleeping pills under the National Health Service alone. Every night, a million people take sleeping-pills at a cost to the country of about £2 million a year.

Various people have had their favourite knacks of getting to sleep. The poet Southey bored himself to sleep by recalling the divinity lectures he had heard at college. E. W. Scripps, the American newspaper owner, used to board his yacht every night, sail out to sea and allow the waves to rock him to sleep. Charles Dickens astounded American hoteliers by whipping out a pocket compass before retiring so that he could align his bed on a north-south axis. He said he could sleep only if the head of the bed pointed north.

Far from laughing at these idiosyncracies, doctors approve them—provided their advocates genuinely believe in them. Professor Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago's sleep laboratory says: "Any cure for insomnia that puts you to sleep is the best one."

Professor Kleitman's researches showed that body temperature varies around one degree

every twenty-four hours. People tend to be at their brightest when the temperature is high: when it is low, they tend to fall asleep. By persistently going to bed at the same time, they can establish a cycle which will make them sleepy then.

They can best exploit this tendency by consciously allowing their bodies to "run down" before retiring. They should stop what they are doing and go through an unexciting, monotonous routine which leads inevitably to bed. It may be locking the doors, winding the clock or putting the cat out. Women have an excellent preparation for sleep in their nightly cosmetic routine.

Eating and drinking in moderation help sleep rather than hinder it. So does a hot bath. Exciting reading and television programmes are definite hindrances.

The right position for sleep is important. Dr. James McDonnell, a London physician, has suggested that the sleeper should lie on his side, leaning slightly forwards and with the uppermost knee and elbow taking some of his body's weight on the mattress. The lower arm should be bent so that the hand rests on the outside shoulder and the head should be supported by a

Continued on page 38

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TEETH CLEANER and whiter than ever before. And that means healthier, too. That's today's great news!

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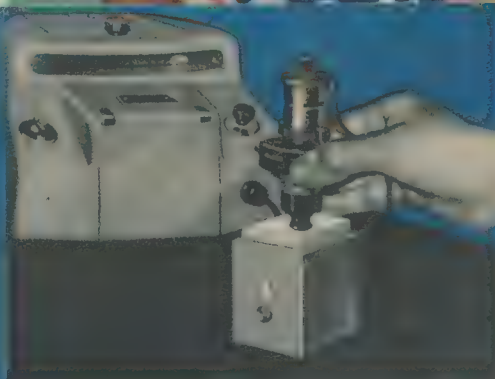
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Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?



Before a flight, Baker (centre) briefs a pupil. Even his dog obeys airfield rules. Once it scampered to safety when the danger signal was fired

Busmen in the clouds

by JOHN ENNIS

Ted Baker's flying pupils are as safe in his biplanes as they are in their buses—even when they lose their way in a fog

LORD ASHFIELD NEVER REALLY wanted to fly in the tiny red Tiger Moth. But Ted Baker, the flying instructor, persuaded the seventy-one year old chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board to go. Baker said that it was his right and duty, as guest of honour at the 1946 post-war reopening of the busmen's flying club, to make the first flight of the day.

Unwillingly, the elderly man allowed Baker to strap him into the cramped front cockpit. Baker climbed into the pilot's seat behind. A mechanic swung the propeller and Baker taxied the little biplane into a fifteen miles an hour wind and took off from the aerodrome at

Fairoaks, Surrey. At four hundred feet an engine part broke; the engine stopped.

For years Baker has told pupils that only one action can safely follow an engine failure on take-off. "Never turn back," he insists. "You will rarely make the aerodrome. Fly straight on and look for a good, level field."

As the Tiger Moth settled into a height-losing glide, Baker, a burly six-footer, looked ahead for an emergency landing ground. There was only one, and it had been freshly ploughed. Baker knew that if he landed there the aircraft would probably jerk on to its nose, badly shaking his white-haired passenger. Swiftly, the instructor decided to flout his own teachings. He banked

the aircraft, pointed the nose at Fairoaks and, with the wind treacherously behind him, just managed to land safely on a corner of the airfield.

Lord Ashfield, who has since died, never knew of the danger, and few of the crowd lining up for later flights realized just what had happened. Six hundred of them flew happily in other aircraft after the Moth was wheeled out of sight into a hangar. Only Baker was upset, not by the danger, but because he had disobeyed his own firm rule. "It was the unforgivable sin," he said afterwards.

Baker, who teaches flying from the R.A.F. training syllabus, strictly enforces safety rules among his pupils. During the war, the R.A.F. flying instructors he commanded made a hobby of flying down on barrage balloons and bouncing their wheels on them. The game ended when one pilot tore a balloon and flame from his Tiger Moth's exhaust set it on fire. The pilot came back with his moustache and eyebrows charred.

Baker refused to admit, when asked recently, that he had ever bounced on a balloon himself. He put on a dignified air and said: "After all, I was the commanding officer."

Even his Labrador retriever, Jag, has to obey the rules of aerodrome procedure. A few weeks ago, Baker saw the dog frisking on the edge of the airfield while aircraft taxied near. He fired a red Very light, the danger signal, into the air from the open window of his office. Immediately, the dog ran into the clubhouse.

His flight with Lord Ashfield brought Baker his only engine failure in fifteen years as a flying instructor. He claims to have flown on almost every good flying day since 1940, logging more than five thousand hours in the air. Though confined by the flying man's reluctance of

Continued on page 36



Pero was furious. "I would not break my promise—especially for you," she cried. Her hand shot out and she gave him a stinging slap across the face

Boy on a Dolphin

by DAVID DIVINE

Pero was meeting Guido! Calder and Madden could hardly believe their eyes. Too obviously, she was double-crossing them again

EVERYONE ON THE Greek island of Mykonos knew that Pero Loustros, the young and lovely daughter of a millionaire, had been spanked—spanked hard and angrily by Alan Calder, an English archaeologist. . . . And Pero still tingled—with embarrassment.

What made the memory worse, from Pero's point of view, was that although she had previously caused Calder a lot of trouble, at the time of the spanking she had been trying to help. She had led him to the underwater cave where she had hidden the centuries-old statue of a boy on a dolphin, for which he was searching on behalf of the Greek Government. But the cave had been empty.

Only Guido Torcelli, the young Italian whom Pero had wanted to marry against her father's wishes, had shared her secret about the cave. He and Pero had found the statue in a sunken wreck. Now Pero wept as she realized that Guido must have tricked her.

But she soon found that Calder's broad chest was an extraordinarily comforting place to cry on. . . .

Caring little for the traditions of Greece—unlike Pero—Guido had in fact arranged to sell the statue to an unscrupulous Swedish art collector, Gunnar Norup, and had taken the precaution of moving the statue to a fresh hiding-place.

After all, he thought, he was doing this for Pero's sake: with the money he was to get from Norup they could elope.

Guido would not have felt so pleased if he had known what others were doing.

Nicomachos, a racketeer whom Guido had double-crossed over the sale of the statue, was keeping a vengeful eye on him. And Calder, Pero and John Madden, an American journalist, were holding a council of war in a Mykonos café. . . .

It was Madden who noticed the two strangers passing the café.

One of them, he pointed out to Pero and Calder, was Nicomachos. So the racketeer had come to the island! Things were really beginning to move. . . .

PART FOUR

A Slight Touch Of The Illegal

NICOMACHOS and his companion were deep in conversation. They turned into the alleyway which led to the road up to the hotel. Calder, who had whipped round when Madden spoke, stared after them until they disappeared. "What does that mean?" he asked.

"Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Madden offered the quotation thoughtfully.

"He looks more like a vulture." Pero's voice was excited.

Calder cut across it with the commanding



Guido spoke urgently. "Listen, Theodore! I have a message for Pero. She must meet me at Kako Point—alone. She must be there"

tone that seemed to have settled with him now. "The statue must still be here. Guido can't have handed it over to Nicomachos, because that must have been Nicomachos's boat that we saw come in only a short while ago. If we watch him, we must get an indication of where the statue is sooner or later. Is there any reason to suppose that he knows that we are aware of his connections with Guido?"

"No," Madden said. "Say, you've got something. If we can keep tag on him, it's bound to link up somewhere."

Pero was sitting bolt upright now, all the old eagerness back in her face. "We can watch him. All Mykonos can watch him."

She called the café proprietor. "Send for Akastos."

For the first time since they had entered the café Calder smiled directly at her. "Organize your

watches," he said cheerfully and almost without self-consciousness. "I am going to the police." And, as a shadow crossed her face, he added: "We have reason to fear that an attempt is to be made to interfere with the wreck by doubtful characters from Athens. We want precautions."

Pero laughed back at him. "That is it! That is it!"

"That," said Madden, "is half of it! Pero can write a letter to her father. This is where we play both ends. Write a letter to your father, Pero, and tell him to corral Guido in Athens. If it doesn't do anything else, it'll keep him out of mischief."

"Wouldn't it be illegal?"

"Be your age!" retorted Madden. "When did your father worry about a little illegality?"

Calder walked off in the direction of the police post. Pero turned to look after him, and when she turned back there was a little smile.

"He-man!" said Madden wickedly. "Wife-beater!"

Pero flushed.

THE boy Akastos arrived before the flush had disappeared, but already Pero's self-control was back. She smiled at him. "Find Theodore," she said. "Then send George to me."

Akastos went off at an important run, and the small girl called Theodore, who never seemed to be far away when anything was brewing, was very quickly on the scene. She said, before Pero could speak: "Cold cream is good after a beating. I have used it myself—but I got beaten again for using the cream."

"It is forgotten," said Pero hastily but without embarrassment, as if she had indeed forgotten it. Possibly she had, in the joyous necessity for intrigue. "Theodore, it is your uncle's boat that lies next to the stranger," she went on. "Tell him that I wish him to go out to sea, and then to come in and drop his anchor over the stranger's chain." She pointed towards Nicomachos's boat. "Do you follow?"

"I follow." The child nodded. "You wish it to be done so that when the stranger hauls up his anchor there will be a turmoil."

"Exactly."

"He will do it, and afterwards Akastos will swim down under the water and make sure that it is properly entangled." Theodore considered the matter gravely for a moment and then asked: "You would not like someone to cast off the mooring ropes?"

"Not yet," answered Pero, "but observe how they are made fast. It might be useful later."

"Perfect!" said Madden. . . .

Meanwhile, Nicomachos and the man with him had reached the hotel. They sat on the terrace and Nicomachos ordered drinks.

"You see," he said, as he poured water with great delicacy into his ouzo, "it is as I told you it would be. There is no excitement. The girl



"I am going to the police," said Alan Calder. At his words, a shadow crossed Pero's face

sits drinking at a table with her friends. The sun shines. The water is still. Everything in the island is beautiful. I wish sometimes that I were an islander. After Athens this is paradise."

The tall man said: "Paradise would be more restful for me if I knew where that devil Guido had got to."

"He will come." Nicomachos's voice was soothing. "Does the spider go out after the fly? No, the spider sits in the web and watches. The fly comes to him. This is a good web in which to sit. Here we shall have lunch, and after lunch I shall sleep and you shall watch."

"I think you are being a fool," said the tall man. "From here we cannot even see the place where the wreck is."

"Stupid," grunted Nicomachos, "very stupid! The girl must know by now that Guido is about to let her down. She will be watching. But at present she is sitting happily, very

happily, at the table of a café in the shade. From here we can see the caique that she is using. Why then should we activate ourselves? I will bet one hundred drachmas that before the statue goes Guido will come—to the girl!"

CALDER said to Pero: "Now, you have it clearly? You go down to the ledge and swim along it. He might have found a place to rest it there."

To Madden he said: "I'm going to work along the bottom from the mouth of the cave. We can't cover the whole slope but the ledge and the bottom are the likely areas."

Pero waited until he had gone under the water and then put her feet on the ladder. Looking up at Madden, she said with a quick wave of emotion: "I hope he finds it."

"Bet you he doesn't," said Madden unfeelingly, and settled her cylinders in place.

Ninety feet below, Calder reached the level

of the cave entrance and, turning, began to swim quietly and with great economy of effort along the last slope of the rock. He swam on and on and on, and there was neither crack nor crevice.

Pero swam just above the ledge. There was light here, filtered sunlight, green and full of movement and life. A ray undulated across her line of sight, moving like a vast exaggeration of a butterfly. Sea bream like pigeons in a square lifted in waves away from the disturbance of its passing. She could not see the whole of the ledge from where she was, but she could see most of it and she began to swim towards the north.

At times the cliff fell away in the deeper darkness, and she swam in to examine cracks and recesses, cavelets, and deep-worn holes. There was no statue there.

Pero came up first. "Nothing," she said in answer to Madden's unspoken query. She came up very cold, gooseflesh marring the golden silk of her skin.

Calder came up a little later. "Nothing," he said.

THEY went inshore for lunch and a rest. Nicomachos's boat was still lying silent and apparently deserted towards the end of the mole. The boat of Aristide, Theodore's uncle, was back in position. The boy Akastos was sitting idly on the mole.

Unobtrusively and without any particular notice of their arrival, Akastos got up and strolled down the mole. As Pero and the two men disappeared out of sight of the water into the lane, he sidled up to them. "The chain rests inside the fluke of his anchor," he murmured confidentially. "Aristide dropped it outside but I moved it."

"Good," said Pero. "Have they done anything?"

"Nothing," answered the boy sadly.

Over lunch Calder expanded his views of the situation. "We will dive again at four o'clock and we will try to get right into the little bay and beyond it if possible."

Madden contemplated his wine glass lovingly. "How glad I am that nobody has ever been able to induce me to use those damn aqualungs," he said.

The lunch was leisurely, and afterwards Pero and Calder took the rest they badly needed. Then they went out once more.

Calder delivered another little homily as they prepared to dive. He knew definitely what he was looking for, exactly what he wanted Pero to do, precisely what he intended to do himself.

Then he and Pero dived again. And again they found nothing. . . .

The caique Guido had hired headed out to sea. Guido sat in the bows alone.

He decided that he had been clever—clever enough to outwit Pero's father anyway. He had got away from Athens without trouble, and now Mykonos lay ahead. Mykonos, and Pero, and a fortune. . . .

The point was could he have both Pero and the fortune?

He tried to look at it from Pero's point of view, coldly and dispassionately. It was difficult, but he tried. It was difficult to see anybody's else's point of view through half a million drachmas—which was what Norup was to pay him.

She wanted the statue so that she could bargain with her father, but if they left the island with the statue, that wouldn't be necessary. Her father would come round in the end anyway. Fathers did. She also wanted the statue as a "national treasure." That, boiled down, meant that she wanted the fuss and the publicity of its discovery, the thanks of the government and the applause of Athens.

Was all that worth half a million drachmas?

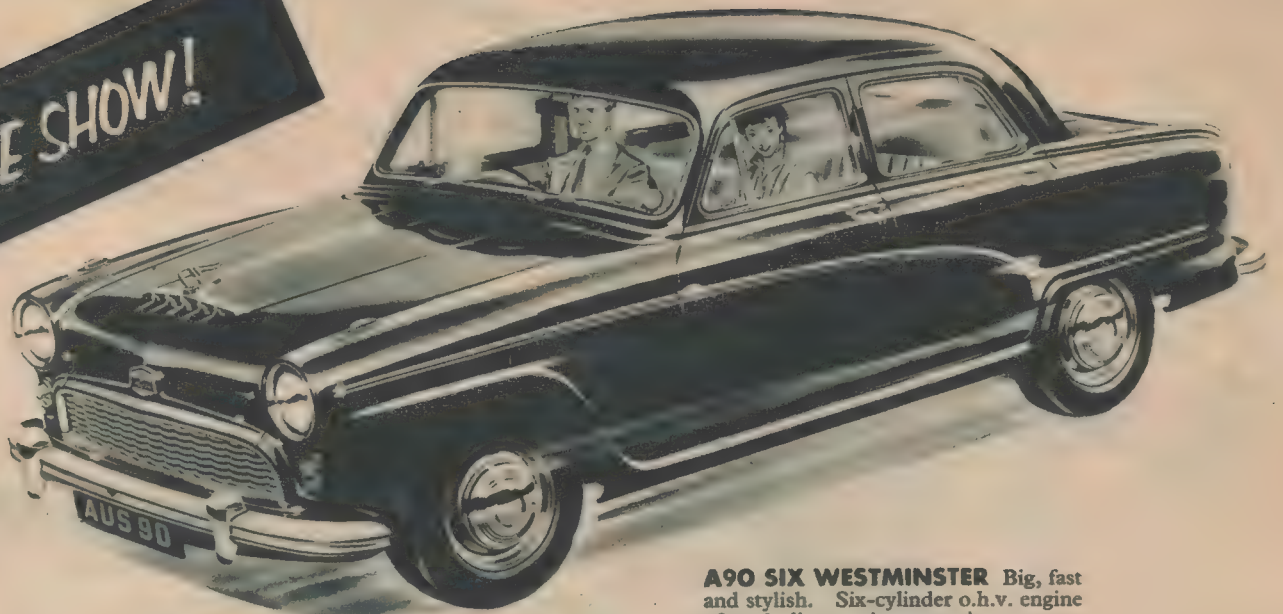
If you looked at it from the point of view of a student with 2,500 drachmas a month—no. If

Continued on page 48

SEE THEM AT THE SHOW!



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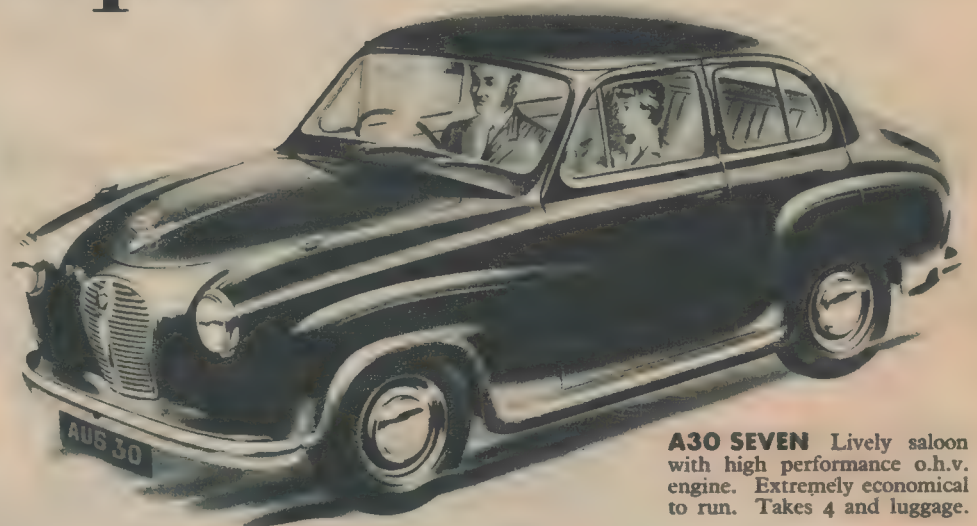


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DON'T FORGET TO TAKE HOME A BOX TO-NIGHT!



BLACKMAIL

by N. J. CRISP

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Henderson faced ruin or disgrace. He was innocent, but could never prove it. No one would believe him—not even his wife

MR. HENDERSON unlocked the front door of the bank as the last stroke of nine o'clock echoed down the street, and banged it shut behind him. He pushed open the swing doors and sniffed at the air, half warm and slightly damp, stale after being sealed in for the weekend.

Perkins and Mann looked up from their work.

"Good morning, sir."

Henderson noted that Carter kept his head averted and did not speak.

Perkins asked: "How is Mrs. Henderson this morning?"

"As well as can be expected. Open a window and let's have some fresh air."

"Yes, sir."

Henderson walked through into his private office. The telephone was ringing and he took off the receiver. It was Lorna.

"Hallo, Lorna," he said with pleasure. "Are you coming round to see us tonight?"

"No, Charles, I am not."

"But why? . . ."

Her lovely voice was very soft. "Now listen to me, Charles. You and Mary have been very good friends of mine, and I am grateful, and I know that it was Mary who encouraged us to go out together. . . ."

It was true enough. Mary could rarely leave her bed, and she would say: "A man needs a woman to take out sometimes," and push them off to the theatre or to an association dinner. But it hadn't happened often.

"Not often," he interrupted, echoing his thoughts.

"No, but I think it ought to stop."

"If you wish, but why?"

She hesitated. "Now don't be cross, Charles. . . . People have said things—jokingly, of course, only it might not stay as a joke."

"That's absurd!"

"No it isn't. You know perfectly well that as a bank manager you can't afford to have even the slightest breath of scandal."

Henderson waited for a moment and then he said: "You're exaggerating."

But she had noticed his hesitation. "Perhaps, but I should never forgive myself if your career were jeopardized because of me. You know how people will gossip. And there's Mary. . . ."

Yes, Mary, who was so dependent on his love and affection, trusting him. She must never hear anything such as Lorna had hinted at—even if it were only untrue gossip.

"And so," Lorna went on, "I want you to transfer my account to the City branch. Then your staff won't see me coming into the bank."

"I suppose you're right," he said slowly, "but it seems such damn nonsense."

"It isn't, Charles," she said. "Much better to be sensible than to suffer. It may look less obvious if I go away for a while."

"I'll see that your account is transferred at once." Henderson slowly put the telephone down

As Henderson climbed the dark stairs of the tenement a door opened on a landing above him. A man said: "I saw you coming"



and gazed blankly at his blotter. He searched his memory. Good heavens, he and Lorna had never been alone together. Except that day when they had gone into the country. But they had only had tea in a grassy glade, and then lay talking, enjoying the sunlight streaming through the trees. Yet he had seen only too often the fatal, unfair results when a man and woman set out to be—just friends.

He shook his head and snapped a switch. The work of the bank had to go on. "Send Carter in," he said into the microphone.

Carter was a tall, good-looking boy. He stood shifting his feet, not looking at Mr. Henderson, who sighed.

"I don't like this a bit," he said.

Carter was silent.

"I've been trying to think of some way round it, but. . ."

Carter said: "I'm sorry and I've apologized. It won't happen again. Couldn't you forget it?"

Mr. Henderson showed his shocked surprise. "Good heavens, Carter, you're in a position of trust and you steal. How can I forget it?"

Carter's face was very red, but he was looking straight at Mr. Henderson now.

"I didn't steal anything," he said, his voice firm. "I borrowed five shillings for a day."

PERTURBED, Mr. Henderson rose and walked round his desk. "You are in charge of the petty cash and stamps, and you borrow five shillings. How much will you borrow when you are a cashier in charge of thousands of pounds?"

"That's not fair!"

"I owe a duty to the bank. That is the view that I have to take."

Unmistakable signs of tears wavered in the boy's eyes. "What else could I do?"

"It's not the end of the world, lad. 'Why,' he said, talking to hide his embarrassment at the boy's red eyes, "if I had to leave the bank I shouldn't be at a loss for something to do."

"What?"

"Well, when I was a younger man, before I joined the bank, I qualified as an accountant. I should set up on my own."

Hypocritical talk, said a corner of his mind. You need capital for that, and you haven't any.

"Then there's my family," said Carter, shakily. "I would hate them to think. . ."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Henderson. Liking Carter was what made it so difficult. He could never make a decision with the boy in front of him. "Nevertheless, this is a very serious matter. I'll think it over for a week or two."

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

"Don't thank me. I simply wish to be certain that I do the right thing."

Carter turned towards the door.

"Hand the petty cash over to Mr. Mann as from today," added Henderson.

The boy left with fingers stiffly clenched.

HENDERSON sat at his desk with a worried frown. What idiocy could tempt a decent, promising youth to do such a thing? He knew in his heart that he had no choice. The bank demanded the highest standards of honesty. He had only, he reflected, postponed a moment that he dreaded. He was laying himself open to serious criticism by not suspending Carter immediately, although he could explain that he hoped the boy would resign of his own accord. That would be the best solution. With an angry gesture, Henderson turned to his correspondence.

The mail was never heavy on a Monday morning; only two of the letters were marked "Personal."

The first drew a smile of pleasure. It was from his oldest depositor and good friend. "I seem to be mending somewhat," wrote old Sir Percival, "although my doctor insists I remain confined to my bed. . ."

The last paragraph pleased him particularly.

"I take this opportunity of thanking you for



"I'm afraid that isn't all," Henderson said, still unwilling to face his v

the trouble you have taken in the conduct of my affairs during this very difficult period. If I can ever be of service to you. . ."

Henderson chuckled delightedly. He had certainly devoted more time than was strictly necessary to keeping Sir Percival's interests intact during his illness, but this tribute from the normally taciturn old man was high payment indeed.

Still smiling, he slit open the second envelope and took out the contents. The surrounding world disappeared and left Henderson in a noiseless vacuum gazing senselessly at his doom. Presently, sounds crept back into his consciousness, the adding machines clattering next door, traffic moaning by in the street, and mechanically he counted the photographs.

Three photographs and a scrawled note: "If these interest you, phone 147391."

With a terrible fascination, he studied the

photographs. They made a clear record of a scene in a glade on a summer's day. With mounting horror, Henderson saw that the man and woman depicted in degrading clarity were himself and Lorna. The fact that they had never done the things shown in the pictures made them no less horrible. Shuddering, he crammed the photographs into the envelope. He read the note again.

WITH icy hands, he reached for the telephone and dialled the number. He listened to the drill of the ringing tone. Sweat ran down his face and wet his collar. Suddenly the ringing tone stopped.

"Hullo?"

Henderson fought his nausea. His voice shook. "I had a note this morning. . ."

There was a chuckle. "Mr. Henderson I



fe. "I might have to leave the bank. Morally, what I did was fraud"

presume?" The voice grated with hard good humour.

"What do you want?"

"Come and see me. We'll talk about it."

"I really don't see—"

The good humour vanished from the voice. "Don't be a damn fool. You're in no position to argue. Now take this down."

Henderson wrote the address with trembling fingers. He replaced the receiver, got up, and put on his hat and coat. He remembered the photographs and went back and stuffed them in his pocket. With his hand on the door knob, he paused and braced himself. Then he opened it and went through.

"I shall be out for a while, Mr. Perkins."

Perkins nodded and went back to his ledger. Henderson noticed with a shock that the hands of the clock pointed to ten o'clock. Only one

hour had passed since he came through the door. Automatically he said: "Time to open, Mr. Perkins."

THE houses were crumbling and black with smoke from the industrial quarter, and Henderson walked slowly along the decaying streets. Life had left them. There was no traffic, no children played, and only an uncertain trickle of smoke from a chimney here and there showed that any houses were occupied.

A notice outside the tall, drooping tenement said ROOMS, and the front door was open. Obeying his instructions, Henderson entered and climbed the dark stairs. Above him, a door opened and a voice said, "I saw you coming."

A man in shirt sleeves was waiting for him.

"Come in," he said.

The room was a jumble of dirty clothes and

cracked furniture, and Henderson saw only one clean thing, a shining dark camera. He looked at it with a fixed stare. The man laughed and picked it up. "Pretty thing, isn't it? This is a telescopic lens. Comes in useful sometimes—especially if you use your imagination."

Henderson raised his eyes to the man's face. "Who are you?"

"Smith will do. I don't suppose you want to shake hands."

His receding hair was black and greasy, and the skin of his puffy face looked unhealthy. Henderson eyed him with repulsion.

"Why did you manufacture those photographs?"

Smith chuckled. "Come now, I didn't altogether manufacture them. In the beginning I was out working—looking for a typical woodland scene."

"What do you want?"

SMITH ignored the question. "I had a hunch those shots might be handy. You didn't look a poor man, and I guessed that the lady wasn't your wife. Nothing in a man and a woman having tea together of course, but later I did a little touching up. The results were astounding. Then I had a bit of luck. I saw your picture in the newspaper. The Photographic League Dinner. You were treasurer. Remember?"

Henderson remembered. He repeated: "What do you want?"

"I thought: This chap's an amateur photographer. He'll be interested in these pictures. And you *were* one—just as I hoped you would be. Respectable, the manager of a bank. A bank! That was better than ever. A bank manager can't afford to have any scandal—whether it's strictly true or not."

Henderson checked a mad feeling that this had all happened before. But it was Lorna who had said it not two hours ago.

"Because you see," Smith went on, his lips glistening with humour, "people will always say 'where there's smoke there's fire.' And then I found out more about you."

Smith ticked his list off on his stained fingers. "Married for fifteen years, wife an invalid. No children. A nice house in a classy suburb. Good salary and a bit put by, no doubt. Big insurance policies, I expect—you're the type. Plenty of money and the chance to get plenty more." He winked. "There must be all sorts of opportunities in a bank. What more could I wish for?"

NIGHTMARES had the same air of reasonable lunacy. Henderson said: "This is all nonsense. I was simply out with a friend. Those photographs are disgusting forgeries."

Smith stood up and moved to a table. "You and I will agree Mr. Henderson, that they are fakes. But they're good, aren't they? Look at this one." He held out his hand. "Ingenious, eh? And take this one—remarkable what some people would see in that!"

Henderson said: "It could be proved that they are forgeries."

"You don't believe that, Mr. Henderson. You know something about photography."

Henderson wet his dry lips, and tried to make his voice natural. "I can tell the police."

Smith stroked the stubble on his face and smiled. "I was going to tell you about that. They'll call you Mr. X and say that your identity is a secret. But you couldn't help your wife knowing about it, could you?"

Henderson tried to visualize what it would do to a sick woman who clung desperately to their love.

"You can get me a long stretch," Smith went on, "but I promise you that copies of those photographs would go to your head office. They wouldn't like it, would they?"

With a sick stomach, Henderson saw himself facing the general manager, with the photographs on the table between them. From that second, he knew he was defeated.

Smith came close to him. A stale smell moved

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

with him. "How old are you? Thirty-eight? Forty? Young for a bank manager. You must have a big career ahead. Be a pity to throw it all away for the sake of five hundred pounds."

"Don't be foolish. I haven't that much money."

There was a silence, and Smith's face twitched. When he spoke his voice was quiet and strained. "Then get it, Mr. Henderson. Don't try my patience. I don't care where the hell you get it. But get it and bring it to me here—tomorrow!"

Henderson clenched his fists. "I only manage a small branch. My salary is not large. There's my house and specialists for my wife. . . ."

Smith lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. "If you haven't got it, borrow it. Now get out!"

PERKINS had to be a witness. He was polite but curious. "Rather a lot of cash to carry about," he said, as Henderson counted out the notes.

"A personal matter," mumbled Henderson.

He took the money along to the dingy street, and silently handed it over. Back in his office, he burnt the negatives with a shiver of disgust.

A few days later Henderson gripped the telephone and listened unbelievably. Smith was conversational. "Good morning, Mr. Henderson."

"You've had the money."

There was a sound of regret. "Unfortunately, I find I need a little more. Only fifty pounds this time."

"The negatives—"

"Do you know, I discovered some more lying about. You could call it the poor man's insurance policy."

"I can't pay any more."

"I won't hurry you. Tomorrow will do."

"But I tell you I can't."

Smith went on unheeding. "Just to show I'm

not joking, your wife will get a letter tomorrow. I should open it yourself, Mr. Henderson. Then either take it to her—or get the money. Goodbye."

With an unsteady mind, Henderson went over the possibilities. His money was gone. He could do only one thing. He could hope that Smith was bluffing. . . .

Henderson hardly slept that night and woke with his eyes sore and smarting. A little cluster of letters fluttered through the letter box, and, heart thumping slowly, he went down to get them. All the envelopes were addressed to him. He tore them open. Bills, circulars, an invitation to a conference. That was all.

Deep in thought, he stood, assembling the outline. Smith had given up; he realized he had gone too far.

The knock on the door made him jump. He opened it.

"Fivepence to pay on this one," said the postman, holding out a cheap envelope.

Numbly, Henderson paid the postman and examined the envelope. It was addressed to Mrs. Henderson. Inside were three photographs, and a note. "Either take these to your wife, or deliver the fifty pounds today."

With a start he realized that Mary was calling him. He went to the bottom of the stairs. "Yes, dear?"

"I said, 'Is there anything for me?'"

He said, "Not this morning, dear," and put on his hat and coat.

MOST of the day, Henderson sat unmoving in his office and studied his telephone. With its aid, he could reach dozens of people he knew, and hundreds that he had met. How many would lend him £50, immediately and without question? Frantically, he searched his mind. Of course! Old Sir Percival, who had written

to him, "If I can ever be of service to you. . . ." Feverishly, he dialled.

The ringing went on a long time, and then a man answered.

Henderson spoke in a rush of words. "I know that Sir Percival is not well, but I must speak to him. This is Mr. Henderson, his bank manager, and this is a most urgent matter."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Henderson. Of course, you wouldn't know."

"What?"

Moments passed before the answer came. "My father is dead. Yesterday."

"Dead?"

"Yes. He had a relapse. It was very sudden."

Shocked and grieved, Henderson put the phone down. It was then that he noticed the slip of paper on his desk. Lorna's written confirmation of her desire to transfer her account, which he had put aside as he had many things recently. Lorna!

She was away in Aberdeen.

Henderson got her hotel telephone number, and put through a trunk call.

She was in the hotel.

"No questions, Lorna. Can you send me fifty pounds right away?"

She did not hesitate. "Of course. I'll put a cheque in the post."

"No, that won't do. I must have it this afternoon. You'll have to telegraph it."

"My dear Charles, I don't carry that much money around with me. And it's getting on now. I certainly couldn't cash a cheque today."

"Oh!" Henderson realized that, without consciously thinking of it, he had already faced this possibility, and made up his mind. After all, it was only until the post arrived from Aberdeen. The day after tomorrow at the latest.

"All right. But don't send a cheque. Send a request for me to forward fifty pounds to you, and I'll just not send the money. I'll pay you back as soon as I can."

"Very well, Charles. Are you in trouble?"

"Perhaps I'll tell you one day. Thank you, my dear, and bless you."

With great care, Henderson replaced the receiver. The day after tomorrow, Lorna's authority would arrive. Only forty-two hours. . . .

SOME minutes later, he heard the outer doors of the bank being bolted. He went through the door and said: "I'll check the cash tonight, Mr. Perkins."

Perkins was stiff. "You'll find it all right, sir."

"I'm sure I shall."

He had to count it three times before it agreed, and, controlling his fingers with an effort, he bundled the £50 into the inside pocket of his jacket so that the bulge did not show. He put on his hat and coat, and said to Perkins: "I'm going out for a while, but I'll be back in time to lock up."

"Very well," said Perkins, not looking at him.

When Henderson returned, the staff were waiting to leave. He felt drained and empty. He had told Smith that it was finished. He was sucked dry. He couldn't possibly borrow any more. Smith had taken the notes greedily, and assured him that it was the last time.

"The manager of Kirkaster branch phoned," said Perkins. "He wouldn't leave a message. He said he would like you to call him tonight without fail."

"I will. Good night."

He locked the door behind them and went to the telephone. When Kirkaster branch answered, he said: "Henderson here."

"Ah, Henderson, I've been waiting for you to call. We've had Finch here today."

"Finch!"

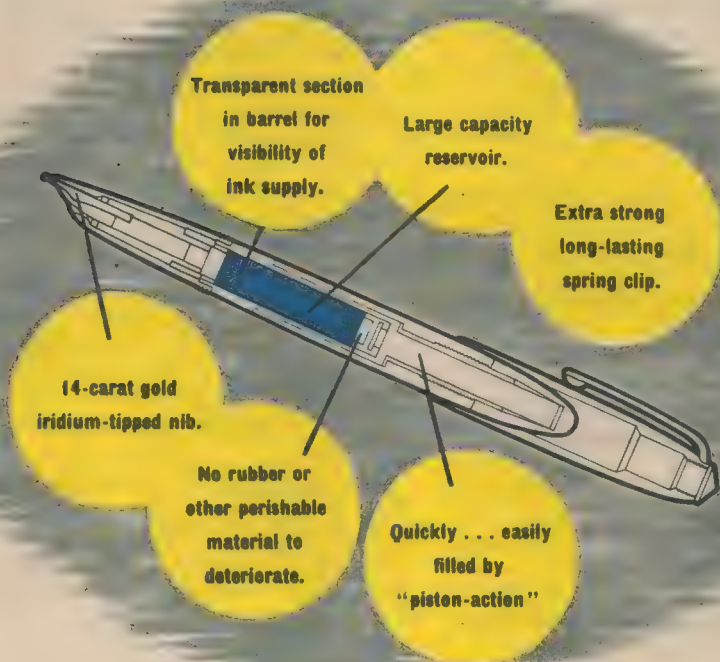
"Yes. I know it's his job, but I'm sorry—I don't like that man. I always feel that he is

Continued on page 38

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by JACK ATTACK

Archers need courage and skill. Joyce Warner has both, and a stormy will to win that sends her arrows streaking into the gold

ON THE EVE of the International Archery Trials at Leamington Spa in June this year, Joyce Warner, one of the leading contestants, booked in at her hotel, had a quick dinner and turned in for an early night. In the first rounds of the trials, she was due to compete with some of Britain's best archers for a place in the national team for the world championships. She needed a full night's sleep.

Shortly after ten o'clock, she was awakened by dance-band music from the hotel ballroom across the corridor. This kept her awake until two o'clock and, dazed through lack of sleep, she rose late the next morning. Rushing to the hotel forecourt, she found her car hemmed in. Hastily, she sought out the hotel manager, persuaded him to move the other cars, and scrambled into hers. After pressing the starter for five minutes, she finally got the engine to fire and drove off at top speed.

Arriving just as the shoot was beginning, she ran across the field and took her place on the shooting line. Calmly, she drew an arrow from her quiver, fitted it into her bow, aimed, and sent it streaking into the gold at the centre of the target. After the first round she was well ahead, and she won the two-day trials by more than two hundred points.

Later Howard Wiseman, her coach, was surprised that she had not been upset: "I was too busy," she told him. "I was calculating how many points I would need in the second round if I was late for the first."

An ability to remain calm, and a stern refusal to admit defeat, have enabled Joyce Warner to reach success as holder of the British record for the ladies' Hereford round.

In 1954, her first year of competition, she won the Southern Counties Championship, the Bowyer's Medal at the annual shoot of the Royal Toxophilite Society—the M.C.C. of archery—and made top score at the Northern Counties Championship. There, she broke all English records for the Hereford round. This year, she again won the Southern Counties Championship, the Bowyer's Medal, and the International Trials competition.

At the World Championships in Helsinki recently, she came second to the Polish winner, Katarzyna Wisniowska, and led the British women's team to a world victory, and a new world record in the double long round. But she earned the acme of praise for an archer when Madame Skorupska, the famous Polish coach, dubbed her "the prima donna of archery."

Friends say that her coolness and uncompromising will to win are the reasons for her decisive victories. "Joyce is able to switch her concentration on and off like a tap," says Howard Wiseman.

Once, when she was driving to an invitation shoot at Guildford with Wiseman, a car ahead

braked without warning. Unable to stop soon enough, she crashed into the back of it and dented her car's front bumper. She and her passenger were both shaken.

"Joyce was furious," Wiseman says. "She jumped out, told the driver what she thought of him and fumed all the rest of the way to Guildford. But on the field she won with a display of calm, well-planned shooting."

Another time, when she was packing her tackle after practice at her clubhouse in Harpenden, she picked up her coach's tab and bracer—leather protectors specially cut to fit the left arm and the middle three fingers of the right hand—instead of her own. When she unpacked her tackle at a competition the next day, it was too late to get back her own equipment.

"It might have flustered a less-disciplined person," says Frank Bilson, a former national champion. "But Joyce shrugged it off and won anyway."

Her ability to remain unruffled during contests stems mainly from unorthodox training methods, and a firm confidence in her tackle and style. She accustoms herself to distraction by practising in her back garden with the radio blaring. Frequently her coach criticizes her during competitions—something generally frowned on because it breaks concentration.

Her tackle, which attracted wide attention at the 1955 World Championships, is made to special requirements. Her arrows are perfectly balanced and straight along their length to within three thousandths of an inch; they are made by a professional engineer. She uses a composite bow built of two laminations of lemon wood, with a facing of plastic and a backing of fibreglass. This does not jar on the recoil as much as the more widely used steel bow.

Scars Prove Her Precision

Her shooting style is equally precise. She pulls the bow-string against her face, lining it with the centre of her nose and the centre of her chin to make sure that she shoots each arrow in exactly the same way. Often the force of her draw leaves a raw red mark down her face and occasionally she has had to cover the inflamed mark with sticking plaster during a shoot.

"Joyce has a schoolgirl's enthusiasm for her archery," says a friend. "And like a schoolgirl she hates to be shown up."

When she lost the national championships in 1954 to Patricia Flower, her leading rival, she promptly entered the Northern Championship, a shoot which, as a southerner, she could not win. But she beat Patricia Flower's score at the national, and broke all English records for the single and double Hereford rounds.

Usually she remains aloof from her rivals at shoots, but occasionally she shows impetuosity in keeping with her "prima donna" standing. At one shoot in 1954, when she had not yet

Miss Warner takes aim. "She has a schoolgirl's enthusiasm for archery," says a friend. "And, like a schoolgirl, she hates to be shown up"



Only two years after taking up archery, Joyce Warner is a world-beater. Recently, she put twelve successive arrows into the centre of the target

learned how to calculate the points, she became so discouraged that she flung her bow into a clump of bushes—and refused to draw her arrows from the target.

Her coach retrieved her arrows and persuaded her to continue. "She was already leading," he says, "but she didn't know it."

Archery is one of the oldest sports in the world and has recently made a spectacular come-back in Britain. In 1950 there were eighty-five clubs associated with the Grand National Archery Society, the governing national body. Today there are about four hundred, with a membership of around 12,000 archers in England and Wales. More than two hundred archers competed in the 1955 National Championships at Worcester College, Oxford.

"Archery is one of the most restful but most exacting sports," says Frank Bilson, who is chairman of the council of the society. "It can also be frustrating—since perfection is virtually unattainable."

In a standard round, each archer shoots twelve dozen arrows and, since gold scores nine points, a possible score is 1,296. But at present the British open record stands at 913.

Equipment for the sport is relatively inexpensive. Experienced archers pay £10 for a bow, 15s. for each arrow—most archers carry twelve

—and a few shillings for a tab and bracer. Beginners can start with a bow costing £2 10s. and arrows costing 5s. 6d. each.

Today the old English yew bow, capable of firing arrows that penetrated visors, leather and chain mail, is seldom used, and many bowyers specialize in making composite bows based on an Asiatic design.

The sport requires a steady eye and good co-ordination. "It is not, as many people think, a soft sport," says Bilson. "It takes courage and patience." Many beginners suffer from bruised arms caused by the slap of the bow-string against the left arm on the recoil, and swollen fingers from its sharp pull against the fingers of the right hand.

A brown-haired, blue-eyed Hertfordshire business woman, Joyce Warner had her interest in archery aroused through a conversation with Howard Wiseman at a dance. She was then manageress in charge of catering at a large London hotel. Wiseman decided that she had the patience and the mental alertness an archery champion needs and, in September, 1953, he took her as the first pupil for his new coaching system.

For three months she practised holding the

bow without loosing a single arrow. "Only when I felt confident that she had mastered the bow did I let her shoot," Wiseman says.

With her powerful composite bow, Joyce draws thirty-three pounds at twenty-eight inches, the normal draw for most grown men. Part of her ability springs from sheer physical strength. Standing five feet ten inches, and weighing ten stone ten pounds, she dwarfs many of her male rivals.

Apart from archery, her favourite pastime is racing her black sports car through the country at seventy miles an hour. She lives with her parents in St. Albans, where she keeps the hundreds of badges, medals and trophies she has won at competitions.

On one occasion her concentration surprised even herself. At her club at Harpenden, four days before the world championships, she shot six arrows into the gold from a distance of fifty yards. People crowded round to congratulate her and a photographer took pictures. After the confusion had died down, she shot another six arrows. Spectators gasped as again she put them into the gold. Her coach rushed forward to congratulate her on a feat that had never been heard of before in English archery.

"I couldn't do it again," she says. "Not with all the concentration in the world." THE END

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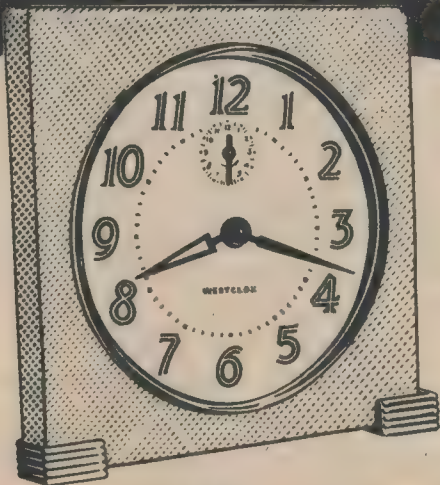
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BUSMEN IN THE CLOUDS

Continued from page 23

seeming to "shoot a line," he recently broke down under the strain of an argument with a man in a pub.

The man believed that he had flown more hours than Baker. He challenged Baker to produce his log book. "You bring your log book," said Baker, "and I'll bring my six."

Baker moved into his office at Fair-oaks aerodrome in 1940, as commander of "A" Flight of the R.A.F. Elementary Training School there. As the time of his release approached, in 1946, he arranged to restart the flying club of what has now become the London Transport Central Road Services Sports Association. The day after his release he went to his office—a wooden army hut—in civilian clothes, and "A" Flight headquarters became the home of Ted's Tigers, the busmen's flying club.

Baker believes that it is the cheapest flying club in the world. Any man or woman working for London Transport may join for sixpence a week. Flying lessons in one of the club's three bus-red Tiger Moths cost 7s. 6d. for half an hour, compared with 35s. charged by most flying clubs. The sports association adds a subsidy of 15s. for each half hour of flying.

One keen bus driver pupil regularly arranges to work a late shift so as to have the day free for a lesson. He spends nearly six hours travelling from his home in north London to the aerodrome. To cut the cost of fares, he travels by roundabout routes, using his privilege of free travel on buses wherever he can. No bus route covers the last mile-and-a-half to the aerodrome, so he walks this stretch both ways.

Almost all Baker's flying has been at low speeds in Tiger Moths. With the airman's tendency to superstition, he slaps both hands hard on a wooden table when he says that no member of the club has ever been seriously injured in a flying accident. But he has seen some narrow escapes while instructing.

ONCE, flying near Ascot, he passed near the base of a cloud. Another aircraft, an Oxford, came out of the cloud and missed colliding with him by five yards.

"It was so close, I could hear the engines," he recalls. "If I had known the two men in the Oxford, I could have recognized them. They had their heads down, looking at maps or instruments, and they never knew I was there." Since then he has kept clear of cloud bases.

On another occasion, he found himself flying head-on into a hundred American Dakotas approaching in "box" formation. The "box" was ten miles across and more than a thousand feet high; Baker knew that the Dakotas would envelop him before

he could fly above, below, or round either side.

There was only one way of escape. Baker turned tail. Rapidly losing height, he led the formation. Before the swifter machines overtook him he got down to five hundred feet, low enough to turn on his original course and fly safely beneath the "box."

The busmen's flying club has fifteen hundred members, most of whom are content to use the clubroom as a social centre for a day's outing. Fifty of them hold private pilot's licences or have reached the stage of flying solo.

A number of women, mostly conductors, have taken lessons, but none has yet finished the course. "Boy friends come along," says Baker, "and they drop it."

BAKER, who is in his fifties, himself learned to fly as a member of the club before the war, when he was a bus driver, then an inspector, and later cashier in a bus garage. Flying became his passion. Now he holds a commercial pilot's licence that entitles him to carry passengers.

To give his trained pilots experience of cross country flying, Baker sends them on flights to Portsmouth and back. One October day, three pilots, each with a passenger, set out on this journey after Baker had made sure that the weather forecast promised good conditions. He insisted, as he always does, that the pilots must fill their tanks with petrol before leaving Portsmouth to return.

At Portsmouth, the petrol pumps that they normally used were empty. The pilots had to manhandle their machines to other pumps some distance away. This delayed their take-off. Despite the weather report, heavy cumulonimbus cloud rolled in from the sea. Soon the pilots, who were without radio, realized that they were lost.

Two stayed together, flying lower and lower, seeking an emergency landing place. The leading pilot saw a football field and made a dummy run over it, looking for possible obstacles. The manoeuvre took him low enough to see, below the haze and away to one side, a runway of Farnborough Aerodrome. He turned steeply, and landed there.

The man behind missed his friend, and concluded that he had landed on the football field. He slid his aircraft over a hedge and landed—nearly scoring a goal.

The third, separated from the others, chose a field of his own. "I would have chosen it myself," says Baker.

The pilot made a good landing. Then his wheels hit a clump of gorse and caught in a small trench. The Tiger Moth buried its nose in the grass.

"Neither the pilot nor the passenger was hurt," says Baker. "But the aircraft had a broken wing and the engine cowlings were crumpled. That's the only damage that the club has suffered from an accident since the war." THE END

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

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BEDTIME STORY

Continued from page 21

pillow just high enough to keep the neck comfortable.

Throughout the ages, some people have believed that the secret of sleep lies in the equipment. Norman Dine, owner of the Sleep Shop in New York, is but the latest example. He sells everything from ear-plugs and eye-shades to water-cooled pillows and a gadget, looking like a radio set, which, by ceaselessly imitating the roar of the sea, is supposed to lull the hearer to sleep. He also stocks head-warmers for the bald, chin-straps for snorers and electrically heated bed socks for people with cold feet.

Other people have put their faith in odd beds. One retired sea-captain had a bed made which reproduced the corkscrewing motion of a small ship on a lively sea. Several people have ordered musical beds which play tunes when would-be sleepers lie on them, and an ingenious American firm sells a bed with an oxygen mask attached to ease hangovers.

In Great Britain more than eighty per cent of all beds sold have spring interiors. This type consists of a network of springs covered top and bottom by a stout pad which prevents the sleeper feeling them. The pads themselves are covered with softer surface upholstery. The whole is bound together by a strong outer envelope.

Cliff Williams, director of a research

laboratory at Stockport, Lancashire, is seeking the perfect mattress.

"It should be soft enough for comfort," he says, "but firm enough to provide an anchor when you want to turn. The upholstery should be balanced to keep in the right amount of body warmth in winter and to let out the right amount in summer. It should allow the body vapour to pass freely through its filling—without condensation—to the outside air. It should give uniform support to the whole of the body, and it should last many years."

The head of a research organization which employs about forty full-time technicians, Williams believes that we have gone a long way towards finding the perfect mattress. His beds measure six feet three inches long by four feet six inches wide (double), or three feet wide (single), are big enough for anyone up to six feet and strong enough for anyone up to fourteen stones. People who are taller or heavier can get longer models or beds with stronger springs.

The question of insulation is more difficult because it depends on the amount of bedclothes. From a survey which he conducted a few years ago, Williams found that this varied enormously. The extremes were a couple who wore winter nightwear and had over them a sheet, five blankets and an eiderdown but only a single sheet beneath, and a couple who wore summer nightclothes and had over them a sheet, a blanket and an eiderdown but



a sheet and three blankets underneath.

Assuming both couples were in normal health and used the same type of mattress, the second couple would tend to be much warmer than the first. "People don't realize," says Williams, "that for maximum warmth they should have plenty of bedclothes underneath them as well as on top."

Unfortunately, however good the mattress and however well educated

the public, the fact remains that by itself no mattress guarantees sleep.

It is an irony of the times that though more money is being spent on beds than ever before, people are getting less sleep. Manufacturers say that our annual expenditure on bedding of around £33 million—about 13s. a head—is ridiculously low and better bedding would bring more sleep. But some doctors take the opposite view.

At last year's meeting of the British Medical Association, Dr. James McDonagh, a general practitioner from Perth, Scotland, said: "All the advertising of pills and soft mattresses encourages people to have insomnia."

He said that half the population of the world slept on the earth or on a hard bed without a pillow and under very few or no coverings. "And they sleep none the less soundly for it."

Sydney Polton, manager of the bedding department of a London store, has a simple answer. Besides giving physical comfort, he says, the right sort of bed is a psychological help. For this reason, his first question to couples about to buy a bed is: "What sort of bed are you used to?" Although the overwhelming majority want spring interior mattresses, he often finds that the ideal in the mind of the young woman is the beautifully soft feather-bed that her mother had.

In this case, Polton takes care to warn her that the firmer spring interior will take a while to get used to. "Like dentures," he says, "you have to learn how to wear a new bed." THE END

BLACKMAIL

Continued from page 32

trying to catch me out. He's coming to your branch in the morning. I thought I'd warn you."

Henderson thanked him. He replaced the receiver, and with an unpleasant feeling of sickness faced what he had to do.

He locked the bank door behind him and walked to the post office. He bought a registered envelope, addressed it to Lorna, paid a registration fee for £50, and sent it, empty.

He took the receipt slip back to the bank, made out a dummy authority, pinned the slip to it, and made a record of the transaction.

On his way out, he was struck by an afterthought, and went back and entered the registered letter in the postage book.

For many minutes he stood gazing round at the bare desks, and listening to the deserted room. Something seemed forgotten.

Again and again he ran over the sequence of his actions until they became tangled and incomprehensible. At last he moved slowly round the counter, worry lining his face. Desperately he groped once more for the missing action, and then abruptly dismissed it. It was that stupid feeling he got sometimes, like wondering if he had turned the gas off, or locked the doors securely. He shut the empty bank behind him.

FINCH, the inspector, had no power to comment on Henderson's habit of arriving a few minutes after his staff, but his expression showed his disapproval.

"Morning, Mr. Henderson," he said, glancing at his watch.

Henderson nodded and went into his office. Deliberately he dealt with the morning's mail. Then he sat, seeing nothing, waiting.

It was nearly lunch time when a subtle change in the sequence of noises in the bank came to his notice. When he went out, Finch said accusingly: "I'm afraid the petty cash doesn't balance."

Mann stood rather red and embarrassed. Mr. Henderson looked at him in amazement. Surely he wasn't "borrowing" as Carter had done. He said: "How much short is it?"

"It isn't short. It's over."

"Over!"

Mann put in defiantly: "I did it last night. It balanced then."

Henderson was puzzled. Mann was studying the postage book. He ran his

finger down the column and exclaimed: "Here it is! This registered letter. I didn't enter that."

Without hesitation, Henderson started violently. So that was it! He had entered the letter in the postage book, and forgotten to take out the necessary stamps or money.

Finch and Mann were looking at him curiously. In halting words he began to explain how Lorna had written asking for £50 to be forwarded. How he had dealt with it himself, but omitted to take out any money for stamps. As he listened to himself, his voice sounded false, and his words were weak and empty.

"I see," said Finch. "Well—I needn't trouble you any more, Mr. Henderson, for the time being."

The full importance of the incident came to Henderson when he saw Finch go to the file, and extract the registration slip and authority. He had drawn Finch's attention to the one thing he desired hidden!

He did not have to wait long. Finch came in hiding his pleasure behind a hesitant look. "Something I don't quite understand here, Mr. Henderson. This authority is unsigned."

"Yes. I made it out myself. The customer telephoned me."

"I see. You realize that is highly irregular."

Henderson said sharply, "She is an old customer."

"The irregularity is not on the customer's side," Finch said equally sharply. "This is rather serious. I shall have to think about it."

Henderson watched him go, but he could not be bothered to move. Some time later Carter came in and said: "The midday mail, sir, and an express letter."

The express letter was from Aberdeen and contained Lorna's authority, undated. Finch came in without knocking and said: "I have decided to recommend that you be suspended, pending investigation. If the proper authority arrives, of course—"

Henderson held out the slip of paper. "Is this what you want?"

He did not look at Finch, but walked through into the bank and attached the authority to the file. Finch followed him slowly, and after a minute or two drew him to one side.

"You understand that I have to make these spot checks, Mr. Henderson. Routine stuff, you know. And you were careless. The proper authority should have been on the file."

"Quite."

Finch smiled unconvincingly, and

said: "Quite naturally, I had no intention of taking this any farther."

"No."

He could not bear to look at this man who had so nearly caught him, and with a brief nod he walked back into his office. He opened the remaining letter. It was from old Sir Percival's heir, informally telling him that the old man had left him £1,500—"to a good friend, who for many years has guided me without thought of reward."

With little pleasure, Henderson calculated his chances. Finch was satisfied, and with the aid of his inheritance, he could pay off his debts, and still have some left over. He began to tidy his desk. And then suddenly he stopped, sick of all the scheming, the lies, the fraud, and he sat at his desk with his head in his hands. He had failed the bank. He had failed himself. He had never felt so sick, so humiliated, in his life. And now that it was all over, he knew he could not accept the result. He could not accept it and live with himself.

He sat there for a long time thinking what he should do.

HENDERSON stood looking out of Mary's window, finding the words to begin. Mary lay in bed behind him, waiting. The words came quite easily, he found: how simple it was to confess.

When he finished, Mary was upset. "Oh, darling," she said, "to think that you couldn't trust me to believe in you."

Henderson closed his eyes. How blind could a man be.

"That isn't all," He paused. "I might have to leave the bank."

"Could they find out?"

"No, but morally what I did was fraud. I don't feel fit to carry on. Would you mind?"

"Is this our truth day?"

"Yes. Please."

"Then I'll tell you. I'm very proud of you. But remember what I am. I rarely leave this bed. I can't come down to the bank to see you, and hear all your clerks call you 'sir.' I can't come to your dinners and see all your important friends. To me it's just a story. I don't live it."

Mr. Henderson swallowed and clenched his fingers together. He couldn't look at her.

"What will you do?" she asked gently, at last.

"Even when I've paid my debts, I'll have nearly five hundred pounds left. I thought I might go into practice as an accountant. I should have to work

from home. Would you mind that?"

Her voice was low. "Darling," she said, "I only really live when you are with me. To have you home . . . that's more than I've ever dreamed of. Oh, I should soon get better then!"

Turning, he saw her, hair spread down the pillow, smiling at him. She held out her arms.

Later the telephone downstairs began to ring.

With a sigh Henderson pulled himself up, squeezing Mary's hand, and went downstairs. Smith was drunk, and his speech was truculent. Henderson listened gravely.

Finally he said, "I've got some money you can have, but you'll have to come to the house. My wife is ill. No. I can't come out. I'll see you here at nine o'clock."

Police headquarters answered the phone immediately. Henderson was put through to the C.I.D. and told his story.

When he finished, the inspector said: "We'll see to that for you, sir." After a pause he went on, "You are very wise to get in touch with us. You'd be amazed how many people actually pay these vermin. There's no need to, you know."

With a wry grimace, Henderson put down the telephone and began to prepare himself for his part.

In the morning, Carter was waiting in his office. "I want to resign," he blurted. Henderson said: "I wasn't going to report it."

"That's kind of you, but I couldn't feel comfortable now."

Henderson bent his head and said, "I can hardly presume to be your judge. I'm sorry. I'll see that your references are good."

Quite shyly, they shook hands and Carter went out.

Henderson sat at his desk and put some official notepaper on the blotter. He began to write.

"I wish to notify you of my intention to resign for personal reasons. . . ."

He crumpled the sheet of notepaper and threw it in the waste paper basket. No more deception. He would start again with a clear mind.

"I have, with the greatest regret, to draw your attention to some irregularities that I have recently committed. . . ."

He chewed his pen and looked around him, really seeing the modest office for the first time in years. Two leather armchairs, an ornate ashtray, a slightly frayed fitted carpet, a small wardrobe, and his desk, full of his personal things. It was familiar.

But he was going home. Henderson began to write steadily. THE END

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Was this
mountain
higher than Everest?

THE MARCHING WIND

by LEONARD CLARK



IT WAS ALMOST as if there was a curse on the men who reported seeing the mysterious mountain peak of Amne Machin. Ever since the British explorer General George Pereira sighted it in 1922 and reported that when surveyed it might prove to be higher than Everest, death and misfortune have followed travellers who have tried to penetrate its mysteries.

General Pereira died on the cold and hostile China-Tibet frontier in 1923. Two men in Harrison Forman's expedition were killed

by bandits in 1934 and the party had to turn back. Pilots who saw the peak while flying off-course during the second World War were—as far as can be determined—subsequently lost in Tibet after reporting the mountain by radio, or died later during battle or in crashes.

Curse or no, Amne Machin seemed to me an exciting goal when, in 1948, I began to consider making an expedition to it. The mountain, surrounded by great physical obstacles, lay in an isolated and barren tract

of Central Asia. No explorer then had ever succeeded in reaching close to it. Its approaches were guarded by a powerful mountain tribe called the Ngoloks—fierce, fanatical cavalry raiders who worshipped the mountain as a god. There was also the riddle about its height.

Some years after General Pereira started the legend that it might be a contender for Everest's title, Amne Machin was seen by Dr. Joseph Rock. This scientist saw the peak from perhaps fifty miles away before being stopped by Ngolok tribesmen. Rock later estimated that Amne Machin "towers more than 28,000 feet." The first of the pilots to see the mountain reported he had been flying at an altitude of well over 29,000 feet when he suddenly found himself looking up at the mammoth wall of a mountain that towered far above him. Other pilots corroborated this and all insisted that they had seen an immense, uncharted pinnacle that seemed to be nearly 30,000 feet high.

Most of the experts refused to believe the reports of Dr. Rock and the pilots. Some doubted that Amne Machin existed at all. Such a reluctance to believe in the possible height of a mountain puzzled—and still puzzles—me.

Everest has been considered the world's highest mountain for more than a century, ever since surveys determined that it was the highest of the Himalayan peaks. Since the Himalayas are the highest mountains in the world, Everest must be the highest peak. Or must it? Not unless every other very high mountain had been carefully surveyed—and Amne Machin had not, as my research made abundantly clear.

Once my mind was made up, lack of capital did not deter me from setting out. I bought a ticket as a passenger in the Vilja, a small cargo ship, and after paying my fare I had only 1,200 dollars with which to meet all the other costs of the expedition and return home. On the evening of January 13, 1949, the Vilja sailed out of San Francisco bay, and within a month I was in China.

It was hardly a favourable moment to start an expedition. The civil war had reached a critical stage and the Communist armies were rapidly advancing. But I was not a novice to China. I had already made four trips, the last during the war when I served for twenty-six months as an intelligence officer with the Office of Strategic Services working behind the Japanese lines.

From Hongkong I travelled to Canton, where, after some difficulty, I obtained a visa. I then flew to Lanchow, where I found refuge in the Catholic Mission. On my first evening there I was introduced to Prince Tsedan Dorje, a small man with sparkling brown eyes, dressed in an old European suit which could have stood not only a pressing but a patch or two as well. For me it was a lucky meeting. It appeared that Dorje had heard of me through my work in the O.S.S., and that evening I invited him to my room. Soon we were talking like old friends.

"What are you a prince of—the Lanchow beggars' guild?" I asked jokingly as I eyed his dishevelled suit.

He chuckled. "I am a Torqut Mongol, a refugee from the Communists in Peking. I make my living here by doing translating for the fathers who are interested in exact Mongolian and Chinese classics. My people call me a *Tasgan Yasse*. White Bones, noble of the first class." Further talk revealed that Dorje spoke

and wrote fluent German, French, Russian, Mongolian, Chinese, Latin, Greek and English. In addition he dabbled with several dialects of Central Asia.

About midnight he got up to leave and walked to the door. At that moment I made an important decision. "Dorje, how about joining me on an expedition?" I asked. Swiftly I outlined my plans and added: "Your knowledge of the country, the people and the languages would be invaluable."

Dorje came back and took his chair on the other side of the fire. Leaning forward he looked at me for two silent minutes. Finally he asked: "And what do you contribute?"

"Me."

His mouth fell open, and then he started to laugh. "I thought he would never stop. 'You think like a Mongol. Do you really believe that we two—with no resources at all—can do what the great explorers have not been able to accomplish in many years?'"

"Why not?"

Again came that grin. "Remember just one thing, that a Mongol is not a Chinese; when we do a thing we do it straight with no hidden meanings. That's that, and we will talk about it no more. We are friends. And we will go to Amne Machin."

Two weeks passed in preparation. We decided that our only hope of reaching Amne Machin was to approach it from the north via Sining and somehow obtain official backing for the expedition from General Ma Pu-fang, the governor of the Chinghai province and commander of China's north-west defences against the Communists.

With this in view I obtained two letters of introduction to the governor and sent them off, together with an outline of my proposals. On March 4 we received word that the governor wished to see us in Sining.

We set out in a westbound rattletail Chinese postal lorry. Mud villages flew past, strangely robed people in wide-winged fur hats rode by on shaggy ponies—Mongols, Moslem Turkomen, Tibetans, all wearing thick sheepskin robes and curly-toed boots—then men carrying rifles slung across their backs. After about 120 miles of hard jolting, packed tight among local Moslem passengers and police Chinese business men, half-suffocated by garlic fumes (the curse of China), and with baggage and the cages of Mongolian singing larks heaped around us, we sighted the stone battlements of the mighty walls of Sining—China's last great city, glowing with the light of the setting sun through a dry crystal atmosphere.

Dorje's small carpet-bag and my suitcase were deposited on the ground. We hopped down and were immediately escorted to the hotel, a red-lacquered seraglio with double-decked Turkish balconies opening on a square court. There we met a smiling subordinate in a black robe who immediately led us to the headquarters of the governor.

We were brought into a large room furnished in the Chinese manner, with classical scrolls of flowers, pheasants, gods and philosophers hanging on the walls. An orderly seated us in dragon-carved teak chairs and handed us cups of hot tea and a box of cigarettes. The governor then entered alone, and the guards stood back at attention. Ma Pu-fang's bearing was most impressive, his

too small to hold all his notebooks, papers and trigonometric formulae, and these were scattered about the floor and on his lap. It was my impression that Dorje was interested primarily in the figures as a mathematical problem, and probably didn't care one way or the other whether the mountain was as high as General Pereira and the others had believed.

"How high is the old girl?" I finally asked as carelessly as I could, while lighting my pipe. I had climbed Orizaba in Mexico, seen the Peruvian and Ecuadorian Andes, the Alps, the Yunnan and Sikkim Himalayas, and a few other lesser ranges; but even so I was far from knowing anything about mountains; the snow-line levels in Tibet were unlike anything I had noted before.

For example, the inner Tala peaks of Tibet do not have the low snow-lines seen in the Himalayas, which are due chiefly to the heavy precipitation of the Indian monsoon. Here in inner north-east Tibet the air is unusually dry, with very little snowfall, and the snow-lines on the mountains are very high, and by comparison with other mountains there is only a very little of it. It was this, I felt, that possibly threw off experts in judging Dr. Rock's photographs, which they believed showed peaks not so high as he calculated on the spot.

"I say, how high? . . ." I blew a puff of smoke into his face.

Dorje turned towards me and carefully put his pencil into a drawing box. He was not smiling and his hand trembled ever so slightly, though this could have been from the cold. He tossed over a sheet of paper with several sets of calculations scribbled over it. It showed the height of the peak as 29,661 feet above sea level. "Higher than Mount Everest," he said quietly.

"Are you sure?" I finally managed to get out.

"Quite. I've checked all sets of figures twice," he answered.

"All right. Now let's eat. I'm starved."

Later I wondered at myself for not thinking of some remark more fitting to such an occasion. Actually I was not at all sure I would even tell now (at home) of our dash to Amne Machin Peak and the measurements obtained there. In the first place the geographers and mountain experts would ask two preliminary questions: Was Dorje a professional surveyor? And was I a professional surveyor? Since we were not, very probably only a great deal of wrangling and suspicion of us could ever come of it.

Such criticism of the mountain's height has in fact arisen since my return, as well as a great deal of misinformation about the expedition itself. Since, due to lack of seconds measurements on the instrument used by Prince Dorje, and to the United States Geologic Survey's conclusions that Amne Machin's height could therefore only be determined to within 2,500 feet, the mountain could be that much higher—or lower—than Dorje calculated in Tibet.

Therefore, the expedition's findings are, in my opinion, indecisive and will have to await further measurement by someone more competent and better equipped. My account, then, is intended to clear up the misinformation that has been spread about the expedition and to act as a guide to some traveller of the future through the western reaches of the Amne Machin Range. I wish him well and all good luck.

Later that night Abdul came and sat in my tent. I put aside my book and smiled at him. "I am sorry," Abdul began limply, "that you had to beat me yesterday. I have decided to

kill you. But I cannot. I was not myself at the mountain in that storm. *I am not afraid to die.*" This last he cried out in anguish as if in pain, looking me straight in the eyes.

"Think no more of this matter, Abdul!" I answered, putting my hand on his shoulder. "Amne Machin bewitched you. All men, Tibetans and others, know the power of this mountain."

"Praise Allah! Master!—a djinn must have forced me to do it!" he cried out, relieved. "That reminds me. We do not mention the foolish doings of djinns in the official report." I answered gravely, stroking my bare chin (which always amused them) and picking up my book. "Salaam, Abdul—now go check the guard."

Next day we were welcomed back at our base camp and soon we were joined by Colonel Ma's column. The mountain phase of the expedition was over. We now headed still deeper west, and in the middle of May came out as planned above Orling Nor, the great lake from which the Yellow River—"China's Sorrow"—directly flows. Mapping parties were sent riding in many directions and the area of Yellow River headwaters was thoroughly explored.

All the while during this return journey our various experts were at work gathering information for Governor Ma Pu-fang. Rock specimens were collected, and the field of activity ranged from language studies to medical work, botany and ethnology, flood control, mapping of the ever-changing trade-routes and the main geographical features, treaties and estimates on the political situation.

As we moved on homewards a radio message from Governor Ma informed us that the north-west armies were now in full retreat before the Communists and we were ordered to hasten our return. At last we sighted Sining's towering grey walls again. As we rode in our cavalry escort broke into the last trail songs—"The Flying Crane Dance," "Everywhere is the Perfume of Peonies" and a final chant, accompanied by the firing of guns while riding at a gallop, "When Can We See Our Friends Again?"

Reports were made out and delivered, and farewells said. Then Dorje and I moved on to Lanchow, where Governor Ma now had his headquarters. The Communists were very close; we hurried day and night. Dorje's Amne Machin elevation computations were completed after collaborating on barometric readings with the National Institute of Science; maps and other types of reports were drawn up, one of which dealt with Hongkong's findings on our geologic specimens which we had forwarded—including petroleum, gold, and tungsten.

From Solomon Ma, Governor Ma Pu-fang received plans covering withdrawal of three Moslem divisions into Tibet, and their support. From the governor in turn, I received a letter of congratulations covering our findings and the locating and measurement of Amne Machin. The expedition's affairs were thus closed.

On August 13, Governor Ma sent for me. I was invited to fly out with him to Canton, where he and his staff were going for consultations. On the plane, Solomon and I whiled away the time talking about Amne Machin and our friends. Oddly enough, the thing that he remembered most was those days when we had a steady marching wind on the check. THE END

"The Marching Wind" by Leonard Clark is published by Hutchinson, at 21s.

to get back to camp before they were behended. This set them lamenting and running back to hiding in the tents (we could see their boots under the uplifted flaps). Abdul cocked his machine-gun, carried across the saddle, saying that the Ngoloks had their guns trained on us. At 1.45 p.m. the winds reversed and a stinging snow blizzard hit us full in the face. The men wanted to return, but I kept on and after a time they followed. The horses shied away from the storm, shivering once in a while, and began walking sideways into it. We were finally stopped in a narrow canyon. Here occurred one of the worst things on the whole expedition into Tibet. The men began shouting angrily at me that we must return—at once—or perish. Perhaps in my anxiety to get the facts and details I had not realized the end-of-the-tether condition we had reached that day. I argued above the wind, and finally losing all patience began to curse them—slashing Abdul across his chest with my whip, for he had started this mutiny and was feeding it with loud talk. Abdul made a noise like a shot stallion and swung his machine-gun on me. There wasn't much time, but I spurred in, and knocking his horse off balance struck the gun up and over his shoulder, where it fell into the snow.

"For shame, Abdul! You call yourself my friend!" I shouted.

He recovered his gun, wiped it and remounted. His face was now a greenish white.

"We go?" the Secretary asked of me.

"The order is—to stay!"

We stayed. For the next twenty minutes we sat our horses. The snow fell thickly about, settling on our shoulders. The horses stamped and neighed. But not one man spoke—just stared straight ahead over his horse's ears. And no one turned a hair. They were praying, but what they were praying for, God alone knew. And then all once someone shouted and pointed into the sky. I glanced up. The clouds were parting overhead. Parting in no other place but just overhead. It was fantastic, that torn piece of blue sky. With a yell I set my horse to digging a way up the slope alongside, to gain a point on the bench extending along the high north river bank, and perhaps suitable for recording altitudes and angles. The men followed with shouts. Their face was saved; Allah had intervened.

On top we dismounted and unpacked our gear; several observations were obtained on points of the north face of Amne Machin—a dazzlingly beautiful, white-clad lady. "Praise Allah!" the men were calling out to each other, and to me, in joyous voices. Funny about Moslems: one minute they are ready to take you apart, and the next they are blessing you. Photographs and sketches were made with stiff fingers of yet more snow peaks standing serene and gigantic in white mantles clear down to their bases, their icy parapets gleaming now with the sun's rays shining full upon them. We were very close to Amne Machin, for only a narrow but deep river canyon now separated us.

Dorje swung the theodolite on its swivel, into the south-east, then into the east, thus measuring two other great peaks. The nearest stood a mile away, close by the rift, a mighty cone—a perfect pyramid—Djegardensheng (White Rock). Still another giant lay south-east of it—partly obscured by mist. This second cone might be the Ngolok's Gomsun.

In measuring the one thousand-metre base

lines by tape, the soldiers ran as fast as stiff knees, the rarefied altitude, heavy clothing and the freshly fallen new snow would let them. It was still freezing and our hands lost skin whenever they came in touch with the metal on the surveying instruments. It was impossible to work in the bulky wolfskin gloves. With Dorje and Solomon in charge of the surveying, I sat on a rock, lit my pipe and feasted my eyes on the sight before us.

But soon big blue clouds rushed in, capping several peaks. We packed and turned our horses through a new storm, heading for camp. Altogether we had obtained the measurements of six new peaks that day and several lower points on Amne Machin's mass. I was not a little satisfied with the work. Dorje had not had the time to work out the triangulations, however, and we did not know the height of even Amne Machin itself.

Ngoloks were still milling around camp, and they and their dogs were setting up a racket. The Secretary said we were warned to go—at once. But we were too exhausted to move farther that night. Once thawed out we became hungry and paid little attention to the Ngoloks except to carry our own weapons about with us. There were about fifty of the warriors gathered now, all armed with swords, daggers, rifles.

After we had eaten, the Secretary left the fire and sat with me in my tent. In a low voice he explained that the hand of these Kagurmas was stayed only by intercession of a Yellow Hat lama, to whom he had already shown our letter from the Panchen Lama. Hearing this, I had the lama brought to me. This man was evidently deeply distressed, torn between loyalties. He was our lifeboat, and I lost no time fitting the oars to him. This was best done over a cup of tea. He was seated on carpets and candles were lit in the tent.

I called in Abdul and gave him orders; a few minutes later he returned and I handed the lama a scarf folded round a gold bar. The bar was eight inches long, and hefty. He had just said he intended building a stone lamasery, the first in the Amne Machins, and that the Kagurmas were his friends. He was too much of a lama to show surprise, but his eyes betrayed feelings of gratitude.

Two hours before dawn we turned out. With Ngoloks gathering on all sides, apparently undecided, but definitely surly, Camp 14 was swiftly struck, and alert for possible attack we rode hard into the west, following our tracks. At 7 a.m., with the sun rising into a blue sky, we reconnoitred and reined sharply into the north up a long, broad valley rising gently to a flat pass.

All day we trudged up that valley. We pitched Camp 15 and five or six of us ran a final observation on Amne Machin Peak, now glowing with the fire of sunset an estimated twenty-five miles away in the south-east, a jewel set in a pale-blue sky. The job was finished and we packed the instruments. Final calculations, Dorje reminded me, would be complete only when field ones were compensated, after comparison with barometric pressures being recorded in Sining and Lanchow.

However, in our tent that night, bundled against the bitter cold, Dorje worked out preliminary figures from a few of all the several observations.

An hour, then two hours, went by, and he was still hunched over the ammunition case serving as table, a candle for light. The box top was

long beard was silky black, his manners perfect and warmly cordial. As he took his seat close to us I judged this Tungan governor to be about fifty years of age. His fierce eyes, quite at variance with the faint smile, never for an instant left mine as I talked through Dorje.

Ma Pu-fang, speaking in Chinese, politely inquired: "Did the honourable Mr. Clark have a good trip to Sining?"

"Yes, the trip was delightful."

"Chinghai is not too cold?"

"No colder than in Lanchow."

And so it went on for about fifteen minutes. Then we got down to brass tacks. I restated my purpose and my wish for his support. Further, I contended that such an expedition might show him whether, in case of defeat by Lin Pao, the best of the Communist generals (then very much on his neck), part of his north-west Chinese armies could retreat across the mountain passes into west and south Chinghai (geographically and ethnologically north and north-east Tibet), and even into the inner Tibetan provinces of U and Tsang, and carry on their campaign there. Scientists could investigate flood control, map the sources of the Yellow River and study food possibilities among the Tibetan herds, and political officers could negotiate for treaties.

Dorje calmly smoked his cigarette and put all this into the flowery and official Chinese reserved for conversation with great men. He would watch me and listen intently to a sentence at a time, then raise his hand and interpret, never letting me go beyond a stretch of fifteen or twenty words. This was not only to express to Ma Pu-fang my exact ideas, but also to show him that he, Dorje, was not saying anything on his own responsibility, for should Ma be offended it could well mean the Mongol prince's neck.

When I had finished, Ma Pu-fang reached out for a cigarette. I lit it for him.

"Mr. Clark has a very steady hand," he observed quietly to Dorje. "I should rather think he would not be afraid to die before a firing squad."

Thus he had his little joke, and smiled faintly when I answered "No," through Dorje.

I had never seen a face like his; absolutely still, the eyes set at a metal-edged angle. Governor Ma Pu-fang was not only a dictator, but virtual and absolute law over life and death in all this part of Central Asia. Also he was evidently a man of quick decision, for he informed Dorje and me, on the spot, that we were to remain in Sining as the guests of the government. He had decided to adopt my plans and would equip and finance the expedition into South Chinghai towards Lhasa.

We returned to our quarters under guard and made ourselves comfortable in a luxurious suite in the city. From this base I now undertook a short mission of extreme importance—a personal call on the Tibetan Panchen Lama, the twelve-year-old "living Buddha" whom some ten million followers honour as the incarnate god of Tibet and Lamaism.

At the great cloister city of Kumbum, twenty miles south of Sining, His Holiness received Dorje and me in the flower-filled heavenly throne room. Besides real and paper flowers, there were flowers made of rare metals and jewels—emeralds, diamonds, jade, rubies, pearls—and with stems of gold. Above the throne was the sacred baldachin, umbrella of Heaven, and, flanking it, were gigantic Tibetan guards in red

and yellow togas, their jewelled hands resting on sword hilts.

During the audience, pigeons with whistles concealed in their tail feathers flew about in a potted garden court, providing an eerie musical background to our conversation. His Holiness, with considerable assistance from his adviser, dictated a letter to all Tibetans ordering that they assist and not obstruct our work. Advisers said that fast-mounted messengers would be sent far and wide throughout the north-east areas of Tibet. Radio transmitters would beam out this order. Though I suspected much of this was polite talk, I treasured this ally, for never before had a Panchen Lama co-operated with an explorer during the planning stage of an expedition.

That night, back in Sining, Ma Pu-fang held a gay Arabian Nights party in my honour. At the governor's palace, before three hundred guests, the most beautiful dancing girls of High Tartary displayed their silk-screened charms. Musicians played intricate oriental strains, poets recited such odes as "Beautiful Flower and Full Moon," "Young Lovers are Like the Mandarin Birds," and (at my request, which pleased the governor) from Omar Khayyam. Rose-scented Khotan wines were served in small cups and, using chopsticks, we feasted on Kansu grapes, candied Bokhara melons and then, with our hands, ate rare dishes in Moslem style—jellylike sheep tendons, fat pigeons strung on skewers, buttered yak steaks broiled over charcoal, gazelle shashlik prepared on ramrods. Governor Ma leaned over saying that the best shashlik is prepared on the steppes from horse meat salted and tenderized by carrying it on a horse's back under the saddle.

"If only I could go into Tibet with you!" he smiled.

Soon our preparations were complete. Men and animals stood ready. There were wagon-loads of saddlery and tons of animal feed. Our soldiers had been equipped with the best European rifles. As a safety measure, I wore a disguise of Tibetan clothes. Bootmakers had fitted me out with Tibetan felt boots and tailors had devised Chinese padded winter uniforms for wearing under practical Tibetan sheepskins, and Bengal Lancer-type robes trimmed with gold and silver-woven bands.

On April 5, with a thumping of hoofs, the first sections of the expedition left Kumbum Lamasery, blessed by its mitred abbot. We rode past temples, our way heralded by foghorn-like blasts from silver-copper horns, some of which appeared to be twelve feet or more in length. On my saddle was draped a blue silk ceremonial scarf symbolic of the rainbow, blessed and sent by the Panchen Lama, who watched from his palace window on a hillside.

The two governors of central and south Chinghai rode gravely with me on skittish Torgut stallions. These two Tungan officers, Colonel Ma Sheng-lung and Captain Tan Chen-te, were fierce and clever men, without fear. I studied them out of the corner of my eye. Colonel Ma's black Moslem skullcap was worn cocked over one narrow, baleful, dark-brown eye. About forty, he was thickset, sausage-necked, shaven-headed, red-faced. His hoarse voice was already bellowing orders, sending scouts to watch for possible Tibetan banditry.

He showed his teeth—flashing golden choppers—in frequent fierce smiles. In jest he called himself "Sultan of Tibet."

The other was not so obvious. Also about

forty, Tan Chen-te was a tall thin man, almost an ascetic, suave in a worldly manner, inflexible in determination, quick as a steel whip when his temper was roused, which was to prove often.

As the long column bucketed along I sized up our personal bodyguard. It consisted of dash-ing, weather-beaten Moslem soldiers of fortune, for the most part dressed like dandies in fur caps, red robes and polished black Cossack-type boots. Each of them bore at least one wound from fighting Communists.

In addition, we had twenty swagging Tibetan fighting scouts, blacksmiths, a veterinary surgeon, a doctor, a geologist of sorts, a topographer, a biologist and a botanist, a section of professional trackers and an army priest.

The shadows of the caravan grew long. The bugle called halt, and we drew up to form a defensible encampment, for strangers were reported near. We selected our camp site with an eye to defence, as well as to pasturage. The drivers tethered their tired and cud-chewing yaks. Dung fires were set for cooking, circular barricades of grain bags and packs were stacked for protection against possible assault in the darkness, and sentries posted.

Such precautions were evidently necessary: our Tibetan scouts had allegedly reported to Colonel Ma earlier on the march that a Moslem cavalry detachment riding far to the south had been caught in a narrow defile by a large force of Tibetan tribesmen out raiding, and massacred—all but the commanding colonel. He had been suspended by leather thongs tied to his arms and thrown in the Yellow River, raised by the thongs for a quick gasp of air each time he was about to die and finally released only after a two-hour torture.

Except for the noise of wild dogs far out on the flat we heard nothing that night. On the second day our caravan split forces. Colonel Ma, myself and a section were to travel to Fort Chapcha to collect more horses and pack animals, while Captain Tan was to move southward with the main column to Fort Ta Ho Pa, where we were to rendezvous.

We rode westwards towards the Sun and Moon Mountains. On the way we saw a camel caravan moving along a trail. I learned that it was bound for Lhasa and India, and I asked a Tibetan how long the journey would take.

"Four to five months if they get through safely." And then he added: "But, of course, few early caravans do."

"Is it the distance or the bullets?"

"Both," he answered.

In the afternoon we reached the small fort of Tao Tang Ho, a flat nest of bullet-riddled adobe surrounded by a high, thick wall of ham-mered clay. Inside we rested on kangas, shelves of wood and mud plaster, heated underneath by smouldering yak-dung fires and insulated with felts, bear pelts and mattresses.

At reveille we hustled into sheepskin robes and left the fort at the late hour of 7 a.m., as our scouts had reported a lurking pack of Tibetans nearby, riders who high-tailed it towards Koko Nor after being approached by a section of the fort's cavalry.

Our destination now was Fort Chapcha, lying south a single stage. The temperature on the plain was twelve degrees below zero centigrade, turning our hands and faces blue in the cutting wind. Scouting ahead, I cautiously peered over the top of a hill. Right in front of me a man's corpse was sprawled on its back, and it was without a head. Scattered on down the hill

were other dead men, also camels and horses. We walked well spread out through the remains of the caravan we had seen the day before. Several men, stripped to the skin and mutilated, were lying over the slope. Clothing, arms and cargo had been looted.

Colonel Ma whistled in surprise that the attack had happened so close to Tao Tang Ho. He pointed out that the caravanners must have put up a fight, otherwise the camels would merely have been driven off by the raiders—probably the main body of those seen by the fort's scouts that morning.

By mid-afternoon we reached Fort Chapcha, and were warmly greeted by a black-uniformed magistrate, Chin Shian-sho. This commandant graciously fed us on finger-burning boiled mutton, off which we cut juicy pieces with our daggers. We dipped the meat into a dish of red peppers mortared with oil.

Next morning, under paling stars, with wild geese on the wing hissing and honking a hymn to the sun, we inspected an unruly band of riding horses, brought in for our possible service. Some excellent dark ones, blacks and bays, not easily visible at night, were chosen and ordered to be shod. Others, such as whites, buckskins and pinos, were discarded. We bought a few mares and seventeen stallions (as geldings are unknown here).

Two days were spent at Fort Chapcha in purchasing more horses from nearby encampments, and then we moved off south-westwards to the oasis of Narda.

While we were camped at Narda a lookout on the wall called down that a caravan was coming over the dunes. It consisted of nearly a thousand camels, smelling water in the oasis and roaring their joy.

After settling down his animals in long feed lines the caravan master courteously called on us. He had a wonderful Tungsten hawk's face, lacerated by scars, winds, desert suns and human passions. He was headed for the Tsaidam Swamps in the far west, where in the autumn he would collect a cargo of Mongol salt and carry it into China.

At 5 a.m. we rode out of the oasis and into the black night. Steering by compass we noisily broke through an ice-sheathed marsh and entered a sand-dune desert, the Gomei. We planned to attempt to cross it in a single march, for neither of the two Tanguts sent out had located water.

As we entered its wind-shifting dunes the desert was silent. The wind stopped and a breeze began stirring out of the east. The frozen sand was crusty underfoot, crunching under our hoofs. Fifty pairs of sharp eyes peered out of weather-beaten faces, watching for the slightest movement out in the dunes. Saddle leather creaked, horses mouthed steel bits, iron and silver stirrups clicked against boot heels, spurs and metal saddle ornaments. Rifles thudded on against men's bony hips. Whips swished on horseflesh. These were the only sounds during the first hour.

And then there burst a flare of light striking the tallest sandy crests—and the whole desert awoke as long points of light slid spinning among the dunes. Large, flat, squat part-ridges, like huge wobbling beetles, scampered away from the marching column. A *yeh lu* (rabbit) skipped off a knoll; a hunting pair of *yeh ying* (eagles) flashed by in front of me with a wind-strumming sound; a wolf howled on scenting us, then remained quiet, watching

us to emphasize their demands. There was a brave gesture; our Moslems were as tough-looking a bunch as you could collect anywhere—and were already itching to slit a Ngolok throat, fearing these to be enemy scouts reporting our movements. I demanded that they be left alone. There was much grumbling, but I won and we rode on.

At 12.40 p.m. we dismounted at the end of the valley. Here Camp 14 was set up, above a river called the Gifong by wild Ngoloks, several of whom were all about us, having come from their yak-hair tents nearby to inspect us. We were now actually beside the main Amme Machin Peak, which was in clear view. It was only by an effort of will that I could sit quietly and write in the logbook.

The actual base of the peak was only two miles due east, directly across the Gifong. The mighty mountain was a glorious sight that no explorer, living or dead, had ever positively seen before, and certainly not from this side. While others finished making camp, we took our first instrument observations of Amme Machin Peak. This was done back in the valley, and the mountain was less than five miles away. We were on the south side of the valley, which rises towards a mountain. As the base lines had to be measured carefully by tape, all this took considerable time, for the distances were one thousand metres on the more level ground bearing south-east to the peak. These extremely long base lines included a double one of two thousand metres, to give a check on total readings.

Amme Machin Peak lay at a great distance behind two big foundation piles (or piers) on this western side and appeared to be separated widely from the great, upswEEPing massif—though this seemed highly improbable—by canyons, more likely by a deep saddle-connection. A reconnaissance towards the south of the peak should show this construction better. Amme Machin would undoubtedly be tough to climb in its higher elevations because of ice-covered surfaces and steep slopes, to say nothing of lack of oxygen.

The whole mountain seemed to float in the blue air and not to rest on the earth. If such a description can be fitted to a mountain, it was like a feather, not just a heap of stones. Only the thin, dark edges of stony ridges running upwards towards the culminating peak were clear of snow and ice. This appeared very thin in the lower regions, but deep at the summit. Possibly the wind never ceases in these higher regions.

Four other peaks standing near camp, two other points on the Amme Machin massif itself, and a peak close by rising on Amme Machin's south-west skirt, also a peak bordering the rift on its north side, and the eastern-most head of the rift, were all surveyed at the same time by swinging the theodolite on its mounting and obtaining readings from the same measured flat of the river's plain. All were carefully measured by angles, the figures read and made by Prince Dorje and cross-checked by Solomon Ma and me (at Dorje's insistence), then recorded in two record books and sketched by Dorje for details.

Dorje used trigonometry to find the height of Amme Machin above the plateau. He added this to the height of the instrument stations above sea level (15,300 feet) obtained from Chinese military maps (said to have been drawn in the second World War), which were double-checked by taking barometric pressure and the

boiling point of water. The first observations were begun by him at 12.40 p.m. and continued till near dusk.

The swiftness of our circuitous assault based on the Black Sea, and our final dash to the foot of the peak, had prevented any large bands of Ngoloks from reaching us as yet. A few warriors, however, had come into camp saying angrily that they were of a clan called Kagura.

An old man spinning clockwise a large prayer-wheel of leather warned us about returning via the "Oba of the Doorkeeper," the pass we had taken leading into the sacred area, as an ambush might be lying in wait for our return to the west. He said we must sacrifice to the Spirit of "Amnyi Rmachin" (Ngolok pronunciation) and then leave quickly by a new route. For this useful advice we were more than grateful. But I was not yet ready to go. All evening the men came and argued about leaving, saying that the Ngoloks were surely organizing and that they were afraid and had no wish to die over a quarrel about any "devil mountain."

Patently I told them: "You have no choice but to stay. You are soldiers. I will not leave before the work of measuring is done on the north and north-east sides. If you abandon me you will have to answer to Ma Pu-fang."

I was sorry to have to do this, for I liked these men. We had been through much together and they were my loyal friends. That night no one spoke to me, apart from Prince Dorje, at first he tried to persuade me to change my mind, and failing that declared his loyalty.

His idea was that we had measured the mountain, now let us get out while we still had our skins. But I knew what kind of criticism would be heaped upon my head by armchair explorers and other experts once I got clear of Tibet. Dr. Rock's figure of 28,000 feet had never been transferred to the maps, and yet he was the greatest of west China and east Tibetan explorers of our day. The same applied to Reynolds and the off-course pilots. We needed more facts; figures.

Eventually we settled on a compromise. After the north and north-east sides of the mountain had been seen at close range we would return to our base on the Black Sea with all possible haste. Thus on May 7 we left camp at 7.45 a.m., with ten armed men. Our direction was first north for nearly half an hour, across the Gifong River, then east for half an hour, and finally we steadied on south-east up the broad floor of the rift.

The horses stopped every few hundred yards to catch their breath in the rarefied air. Their shoulders and flanks soon became lathered. I could feel the heartbeats of the big stallion between my knees. A few times I got off and led him. Big clouds began streaming in from the north-east, the ground wind subsided to zero and a hushed calm seemed to descend over the region. Lightning flashed and thunder boomed in the higher crags.

At two encampments of Ngoloks, mastiffs were deliberately turned loose on us, but there was no shooting. The women ran out shouting at us, flourishing firebrands, running alongside to shoo us along and check on our arms and the condition of our horses. Abdul whacked one old she-devil with the end of his whip. She was trying to put his horse's eyes out.

Our men belloved that we were an advance scouting party for a thousand Moslem cavalry following just behind, and warned the women

other wounded animals were shot. The Moslem, hardly cold, was hurriedly buried under a mound of stones, after first being undressed, washed and wrapped in a shroud of sheeting; the other Moslems turning their faces towards Sining, then Mecca, and praying in loud voices—Abdul acting as muezzin.

Exposed on the sea plain and understrength, we decided to move on. We mounted and, carefully circumventing the ground near the sea, which was rotten with rodent burrows, hurried into the west. I rode off scouting with two Moslems.

From a hilltop we looked back and saw the Ngoloks in full sight—now apparently quite heavily reinforced. Trailing behind, the Ngoloks—perhaps thinking to cut off part of our caravan—had circled into the rodent-rotted grounds, and there they were, floundering, more than two hundred dismounted warriors trying to extricate themselves from the mud.

The Moslem scouts chuckled and we turned aside to join the caravan.

A day's march and we reached the south-east corner of Tossun Nor, the "Black Sea." I was highly excited, for we were now within practical striking range of Anne Machin itself.

We decided to establish a base camp at Tossun Nor and from there attempt to ride out and find the mystery peaks. A small party would be the best bet, leaving behind the yaks, camp gear, tired horses and mules and most of the personnel.

In spite of my excitement I was worried that the mountain might not even exist; after all, many had claimed to have seen it, usually from far distances, but no two photographs were comparable. Dr. Joseph Rock, stopped by Ngoloks while perhaps fifty miles east, had reported that Anne Machin went up to 28,000 feet. Rock had no instruments, however, and presumably made his calculations from a study of photographs. Moon Chin, the airline manager, who claimed to have flown near it in 1948, put the mountain at 19,000 feet; Milton Reynolds announced in 1948 that he and his aircraft crew estimated the height at 30,000 feet. Now it was also possible that none of these travellers had even seen the main peak, assuming it might be screened by other peaks or ranges.

We called a camp-fire council and I explained through Solomon, step by step, why we had executed our strategic approach via the remote west. We had already taken care through our agents to spread the news far and wide that Lhasa was our true destination. We had let news leak that Anne Machin was only a "cover." So far we had only been bothered by incidental horse and cargo thieves; as yet, no concerted campaign for our destruction had been made by the Ngoloks.

There was still no sign of the belated Colonel Ma or of the Lhasa caravan, and I realized it was probably due to this that we had successfully reached our position on the Black Sea. The Ngoloks would be watching the rich cargo caravan and the famous fighting colonel, never dreaming that our party was anything but an unimportant scouting detachment with camp baggage.

I proposed that our Anne Machin Peak "attack" detachment, with its high mobility and speed, should extend its "peak expedition" for ten days into the regions lying east of the main target. No one had ever been there or, for that matter, had ever crossed anywhere the mighty

two hundred mile long Anne Machin Range at any point east of Anne Machin Peak.

But the motion was voted down: Ngoloks, lack of animal feed, no knowledge of trails, not enough troops, not enough armament were among the arguments raised. Finally the target was narrowed down to the location and measurement of the tallest Anne Machin Peak itself. Seventeen men would be in the Anne Machin party: myself as leader, Chutsu Tsereng, guide, Prince Dorje, surveyor, Solomon Ma in charge of operations and the rest scouts and soldiers.

The next day, Thursday, May 5, we were awakened by a guard.

"We are ready, Colonel Clark!" cried Solomon Ma, his usually dead-pan face split by a grin from ear to ear. Our horses were standing waiting—saddled and packed. We mounted. Chutsu Tsereng led off and we rode out of camp. We picked our way along carefully, with scouts out ahead, gradually edging over towards the south-east and traversing into the first northern folds of the Anne Machin Range.

Silence and distance were the dominating features of these massive mountains. We hurried on. Snow, wind and sun burned our faces. Snow "glasses" had to be issued: our Tibetan types were convex and of stiff black thread mesh, very effective in cutting down the diffused glare which causes snow-blindness.

At 5.15 p.m. we came to a comparatively wide alluvial valley. All about were mountain chains and peaks of great size. As we progressed down the valley other peaks appeared in the north and south—unnamed ranges possibly not before seen or approached by an explorer. Still later, a saw-toothed rocky range, with crevasses holding snow and ice, stood high in the east.

We pitched Camp 13 and at dusk the patrolling scouts were waved in. Though the whole party was tired, for we had been in the saddle ten and three-quarter hours and covered about forty miles, scouts were to be changed every hour during the night. The fresh tracks of horses ridden by Ngoloks had been found half a mile east just over the first ridge. Fires were doused early and no candles were lit in our pair of tents.

Next day we left camp at 6.30 a.m. At 8.35 a.m. we saw from a ridge a white mountain mass of rounded ridges, crowned with wide-flowing saddles and rounded domes. This was obviously the culminating point of the great central mountain mass towards which we had been approaching.

Anne Machin Peak itself . . . it *did* exist. I say "Anne Machin Peak," because that is the name spontaneously shouted out by the Tibetans with the party. Surrounding this were sentinel peaks and chains of mountains, all snowy, flashing white in the sun's rays. The amazing thing was that not a cloud was in the sky—all of the main peak was revealed—otherwise we might have passed it by on our right side.

At twelve o'clock we ran into three Ngolok warriors skinning a *kyang* (wild ass). These men were dressed in sheepskin robes, their shoulders bare and greased, and they carried broadsword crosswise in sashes and had rifles. Their hair was black and long, not shaved in the usual Tibetan scalp-lock style, and unbraided. Their handsome faces and fairly high-bridged noses were burned a brownish red by wind and sun.

The three warriors smiled and at the same time roughly warned us to get the hell back into the west, waving their rifles and swords at

from the ridge where someone spotted his ears sticking up.

As we marched, the breeze stiffened to a wind, and soon a blizzard struck, swirling sand against our faces, blinding our eyes and choking our lungs. The great sand dunes were hidden in a ghostly pall.

Suddenly, without warning, a rifle-shot rang out. It came from a high-crested dune on our left. I pulled up and saw that the machine-gunner just behind was slipping off his saddle head-first into the sand, his horse rearing on its hind legs and attempting to strike at the body with its fore feet. The mules carrying the other two machine-guns pulled back, squealing, on their lead-ropes, and plunged off into the storm.

I realized that we were boxed between two long flanking dunes. The robbers, raiders, horse thieves or whatever they might be, commanded the heights only a hundred yards out on each side, and if we attempted to dig in, we would very likely be in for it. Our scout, only a single man at this point and no flankers, had been allowed to pass, and the column was under the raiders' sights.

There was only one order in such a situation, and Ma and I gave it at about the same time: "Charge!"

Following us, the entire column wheeled its horses to the left and, digging in spurs, plunged up the fairly steep, sandy hill. The crack of rifles came down from the ridge. A horse of the rear stumbled and fell. Some riders were cursing and lashing their mounts, others were silent. One fellow was firing his rifle with a single hand as if he held a pistol. A rider or two was thrown as horses took bullets in brisnet or head.

Colonel Ma was bellowing and had his sabre out. Up, up—we went in the clinging sand. Ma, with me two lengths behind, reached the crest, but off to one side, and we began firing our pistols into some men who were lying along the rim.

The colonel leaped off his saddle and closed at a run with the sword, bringing the blade down on the nearest Tibetan's head. The attackers now turned their attention to us; a few dropped their rifles and, drawing their broadswords—the Tibetan's favourite weapon at close quarters—stood up in full sight. About forty men ran back and disappeared behind a dune. Our Moslems charged raggedly over the crest and, leaping from their mounts, closed with a yell and began efficiently slicing down those remaining.

Five Tibetans lay dead. And over the slope of the dune were scattered our own casualties: two men and eight horses killed; some of both wounded.

While the Moslem cavalry shot the wounded horses, looted the fallen, and found some Tibetan horses in a hollow just behind, the colonel sent a single scout to follow the robbers' tracks back to their camp, with orders to rejoin us by picking up our own trail later.

We collected our dead and buried them at the foot of the dune. The bugle sounded the Chinese version of the Last Post, and we swung into our saddles and headed back on course. An hour later, Ma intercepted the track of a single running horse, and we followed it through the dunes to a pair of black tents, cleverly concealed in a sand gully. Before the occupants could flee, the others galloped in and surrounded the encampment. About thirty Tibetans

came running out. They threw down their guns, sticking out their tongues and showing their open palms. This was so we could see for ourselves they spoke no evil against us and held no weapons.

The chief among them stepped forward. He was a tall man, wearing a black cone-shaped hat. He shouted that he and his people were friends, "Chuden-ja!" ("Please sit down!") he cried, to prove it.

Colonel Ma walked over to a mud-wall corral filled with horses. He vaulted over the fence and headed off one of the milling horses, and a moment later was running his hands along its sides.

"The flanks are hot," he said when he returned. "Who is the owner?"

A big, surly fellow was indicated. The colonel strode up to him and pulled the rifle forward on its sling over the man's shoulder and smelled the end of the barrel. Ma's hand darted downward, and when it came up it held an automatic spitting flame. The Tibetan's knees buckled and he sprawled on the ground.

During the pow-pow that followed, Black Hat assured us vehemently that the real "robbers" were not his tribe, the Gomei, but the Duchu tribe who ranged in the south. As he spoke, he energetically whirled his prayer-wheel and darted his eyes between Colonel Ma's and mine, fingering all the while his bone rosary.

It seemed that enough Moslem justice had been done that day. Ma now ordered the column to mount and round up the Tibetan horses as indemnity. The scouts went ahead and we followed through yet other miles and miles of desert. Snowflakes began falling, as dry and big as duck-down.

Towards dusk we rode up to the long clay fortress wall of Ching Kou. We banged on the doors with our rifle stocks, and were admitted by a Moslem criss-crossed with bandoliers. We staggered out of the storm into a candle-lit room of packed earth and squatted gladly around a pyre of hot yak-dung coals in a brazier. Colonel Ma said that two of the wounded men would remain here and seven new men would join us.

That night, Dorje entertained us with stories of his life among the little-known fighting tribes with whom he had had business during the second World War as an agent for the Chinese Nationalists: Tatar, Uzbek, Taranchi, Khasak, Kalmuk, Ouizhur.

"I know very well a charming princess of the Ouizhurs," said Dorje. "Her eyes are as cat-green as Clark's. She is Moslem and personally leads her troops into battle. Recently the princess raided the Soviet goldmines in the Republic of Tannu Tuva, which lies between Siberia and Outer Mongolia. She is probably worth, in gold bullion, five million dollars."

"Where exactly do these Ouizhurs range?" quietly asked Solomon Ma, a young English-speaking Tungan who was the expedition's political liaison officer. "As political agent I should like to consider a treaty with this worthy tribe."

"Yes! Where? My *Mongo* friend!" roared Colonel Ma, slapping his knees in high glee. "By the Sacred Footprint! She must be unmarried . . . and I, who am allowed four wives, have but one! We must go raiding with this princess."

"Is it legal to raid the Soviet Republics?" I cut in.

"What legality?" shouted Colonel Ma. "Do not be tiresome, my friend! It is our sacred

duty. Allah will never forgive us if we do not consider it."

"Of course," said Dorje, with studied indifference, "this beautiful princess—and she's a dead shot—might claim the ancient tribal right to take a closer interest in any new man entering into formal treaty relations with her banner."

Three voices—Tungan and American—came as one: "Well, what of it? It would only be polite!"

Later that night the Tangut who had been sent across the desert on the tracks of the robbers came in. The scout reported that the tracks had led to the main Gomei encampment, far away near the middle of the desert. The taking of Black Hat's thirty-two horses didn't prey overmuch on my conscience after that.

We broke the Ching Kou encampment at four in the morning. Solomon Ma said that we would have to ride a hard fifty-five miles across mountains and in freezing, rarefied elevations. There was no safe place to camp between Ching Kou and Fort Ta Ho Pa: scouts sent out in the night had reported that Tibetans were swarming everywhere in the regions ahead. Two hours later, as we climbed up out of the gorge, we sighted them.

All about, revealed in the first cold dawn light, were hundreds of squatting spider-like tents. We halted and studied the situation: for miles south these tents were scattered across an entire plain. The whole countryside was covered with flocks of sheep and thousands of yaks. We called a conclave. Colonel Ma bustled about on his horse, saying we had better turn around and head back for Ching Kou. I was scared stiff that this was it—that, if we returned to Ching Kou, the search for Amne Machin would somehow be called off.

"To hell with that!" I interrupted through Dorje. "You follow me!"

I headed straight down the middle of the plain. When I had gone some hundred yards I glanced back. No one had budged. Cutting in close to a sprawling black tent, I was suddenly charged by a pack of fierce, hairy dogs who began setting up a racket. The others behind now had no choice but to follow, and I could hear them begin to move in a trot. Tibetans began running out of the nearest tents, shouting and releasing other dogs.

I broke into a gallop, riding through a knot of Tibetans, scattering them to left and right. A dog leaped at my horse's head and bit him in the throat, another sank its fangs just at the base of his tail. I glanced down and saw that another dog had ripped away the top half of my left boot. It was useless to try to beat off these dogs with my whip. Colonel Ma plunged alongside and showed me how to twirl the whip on its foot-long bone handle. The dogs apparently are momentarily distracted watching the whip cut circles over the rider's head. A quick gallop carried me safely away.

I yelled at Dorje: "Tell these Tibetans we are an advance force of five thousand Moslem cavalry, and to get back into their tents."

The Tibetans, taken by complete surprise, did exactly that, and the column rode right down that plain with its hundreds of black tents, and not a single shot was fired at it.

Towards dusk we neared Fort Ta Ho Pa, a sprawling clay citadel, perched on a hillside near a deep tree-lined canyon. In our binoculars we saw the Chinese flag flying from a mast on a tower.

As we approached we were met by Tan

Chen-te, and the rest of our men, who came out to cheer us in. Within the walls, I was assigned to a small earth-floored room. I felt dead tired and ached in every joint. However, before sleeping that night, we worked out general logistics, strenghts, routes, plans for tribal treaties for our forced march to Amne Machin and return.

In the midst of all this, at midnight, scouts banged their guns on the gates with news that a small party of Moslem officials had just been murdered only two miles away; these officials had been ordered up from Tangar to take Tan's place at the fort, and to try to secure our rear. Tan himself had been ordered, that very afternoon by radio from Governor Ma Pu-fang, to go all the way through to the interior with us. In addition to this disturbing news of the killings, Tan Chen-te revealed he had recently sent thirteen men to the distant Fort Chakar, south-west of Amne Machin Range—officials who were to gather remounts and food for us, to be used in the Yellow River headquarters region after we had found Amne Machin—and that all but one of these officers had been massacred in ambush.

At 1 a.m., an hour after we heard of the nearby killings, the guards opened the gates; a strange sight greeted them. A horse with a man on its back was standing there. A single survivor had been tortured, his eyes gouged out, his tongue, ears and nose cut off. His belly was filled with stones (*mani* stones consigning him to heaven) and his body mounted on a horse, tied in upright position and driven back to Fort Ta Ho Pa as a grim warning that Tibetans must be consulted on such serious matters as the movements of Moslems and foreign strangers.

These two tragedies warned us to be on the alert. That night four machine-gunners were mounted on the walls, in addition to the regular guards.

At daybreak I was up. Patrols were dispatched for gathering intelligence among the tribes. Tan's Tibetan agents were also sent out to glean whatever they could from the tribal conclaves. The quartermaster's agent was hurried out under escort to scour the countryside for riding and pack-animal stock, provisions and gear.

By afternoon, stately *pönpös* (lords), carrying black Lhasa terriers, resembling pekingese, began to ride in with their retinues and armed retainers to "pay their respects." More likely, as Solomon suggested in jest, they were sizing us up and measuring our throats.

Hectic preparations for our venture continued. Copper cooking-pots were purchased. *Tsamba* (treated barley flour), the main food other than meat, was brought in on horses and put into leather bags. Dried peas for horses were obtained by the ton and packed in long, woven-wool cord bags. Thousands of pounds of barley were stamped down tight into hide pouches. A sizeable herd of sheep was slaughtered.

We decided on a farewell celebration and party. By noon next day a chief of the Naia tribe brought in ten dancing and singing girls, silver-bedecked and fur-clad. A few were pretty enough and all were vivacious. In their ears dangled turquoise; on their fingers they had star sapphires and red stones (possibly rubies). They wore beautiful long black robes lined with soft lambs' wool, burgundy-red shirts with Chinese collars, red-fox hats; and two long tails or trains hung down, heavy with turquoise and corals studded with silver.

Our elated Moslem soldiers and Tibetans

(6)

face was always breaking into the most wonderful smile—and from time to time I would invite him (and usually Dorje to do the interpreting) to sit with me in my tent out of the cold and wind, or I would sit in his barricaade while he worked. Our legs tucked under in impromptu camp fashion, we would talk at his suggestion of such things as life on the other worlds; of a lama who can raise dead men to life again through vibrations transmitted to him from the sun; of why the image of man, together with a flower, a monkey and a piece of dung, would be the ideal symbol for God—all equally a part of Him; of why snow-eaters go mad; of eggs and their philosophic aspect; of how a male and a female embryo can be told apart before birth; of why a lama undergoes *kalimudra*, self-induced death lasting as long as thirty days, without decomposition setting in, and then *willing* his own "resurrection."

Old Chemkurja had a stumpy little pipe fashioned by himself from gold and a human shinbone. The gold he had found in a lump somewhere; the shinbone was his dear Uncle Kurja's. While we smoked sparingly of my limited stock of tobacco, the old fellow would contentedly sew and talk, while I stretched out on my back blowing smoke rings.

Two scouts sent out in the night had reported that a strange band of horsemen had picked up our trail and were following it. Kung-Lo, a Shabrang far-ranging scout, trotted into camp in the late afternoon: he had seen the glint of rifle barrels farther down the canyon. He believed we had definitely reached the northern edge of the fighting grounds of the Ngoloks—the guardians of holy Amne Machin.

As our camp was protected on two sides by the high mountains, the Ngoloks could not swing round in front of us, but might attack from the lower end of the canyon under cover of night. Therefore a heavy guard was set on the back trail at a point three hundred yards from camp. Half an hour later the Ngoloks made contact with them, and the mountains rang with gunshots echoing among the cliffs.

A crisis was imminent, and a meeting was called in our tent. Abdul was there and so was Chutsu Tereng, a bold and astute soldier of fortune who knew the Ngolok language and was known to us as "the Secretary." The latter spoke up. "Since Colonel Ma and Captain Tan are absent, it might be useful for you to learn about Ngoloks."

The Ngoloks, I was told, are a pastoral nation, a loose combination of tribes made up of clans living by their skill in the chase, by the natural increase of their herds and by their courage and astuteness in raiding. They torture and kill and hold few, if any, prisoners for ransom.

"Specifically," the Secretary added, smiling, "they strangle their captives with rawhides, behead, drown, cut throats, slice bodies into small pieces"—here he held up his thumb under my nose—"this size! They like to be free. They do not wish to be exploited for the good of China. They will kill us all."

Of all the Tibetan tribes the Ngoloks have the best horses, sheep, yaks and goats; but they breed no mules and possess only those which they capture. They travel to Lhasa on pilgrimage to be rid of their multitudinous sins, but usually rob the other Tibetan tribes en route.

Formerly it was decreed by a Lhasa hierarchy that all Ngoloks bent on holy pilgrimage should

be beheaded. But this law backfired when the Ngoloks broke out and killed every lama they could find in retaliation: the lawgivers of Tibet speedily rescinded the decree. Now the Ngoloks are believed to have a few bold lamas among them, who instruct the tribes in the ways of the spirit. It was in this scrap of information that I saw a first glimmer of possibilities—my letter from the Panchen Lama.

With night descending, the skirmish broke off (perhaps twenty rounds had been expended altogether) and the Ngoloks withdrew down the canyon. A cold night's vigil was kept, but not a peep came from the camp below.

At 3.30 a.m. we loaded up and spurred out of the gulch under the cover of dark. Towards midday the Secretary hailed the turquoise-green Kara Nor, the "Bitter Sea." The great lake, a white alabaster raft of thick ice flashing green in the thin air, was frozen over everywhere except for a single stretch of open water, twenty to thirty feet wide, just offshore, in which thousands of wild fowl, including swans, were feeding. These birds took off by the hundreds as we walked along the beach.

We stopped and enjoyed a snack of frozen sheep hearts thawed out over a dung fire. Afterwards our Tibetans gathered under their *tanka*, a banner of dyed red and yellow yak tails. With singular charm they began praying, long and loudly, chanting from the sacred texts of the *Kanjur* and asking for protection from the Ngoloks.

Their prayers were none too soon. Riding over the crest of a ridge, less than three hundred yards at our backs, came about fifty riders—charging with considerable noise straight down upon our far-grazing animals, a few rifles crackling. There was chaos among the horses and yaks. Many began to stampee; a few ran about crippled.

There was no panic among the expedition's men, just an absolute dumbfoundedness. I let out a yell and, jerking the nearest rifle out of one of the few saddle holsters we had, pulled a bead on the Ngolok leader riding at a swerving gallop well in advance of the mass of horsemen. But I was not alone, and a scattering volley shot him out of his saddle. Our men under Abdul and Tuij suddenly came to life at their leaders' commands and leaped up, running all over the place, grabbing rifles and throwing themselves down behind rocks and saddles.

Two Ngoloks and a horse with its rider pitched to the ground. But still the Ngoloks kept coming, yelling and shouting, the sharp tattoo of their horses' hoofs louder and louder. Suddenly, at about seventy paces in front of us, they saw that their surprise had failed. They pulled up sharply, wheeled their mounts and rode at a zig-zagging run back over their fallen. One rider reined in at the side of the leader, who was sitting up, and flung him into the saddle across his belly, lashed him there and then rode over the hill.

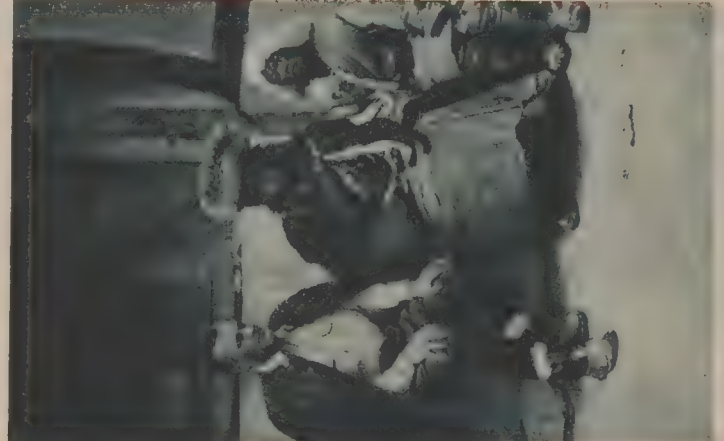
In a few moments the last of them vanished. But they had left behind a fair mess of our temporary halting ground. A Tibetan lay sprawled on his face. A Moslem hit in the head by a lucky shot was dying. Another fellow had a scratch on his arm. Three Ngoloks, together with nine horses, lay on the slope.

Our wounded were bandaged and injected to prevent blood poisoning. Both of them could ride. Two dead yaks, a mule and a horse were stripped of saddles and cargo packs, and these were distributed among the caravan. Two

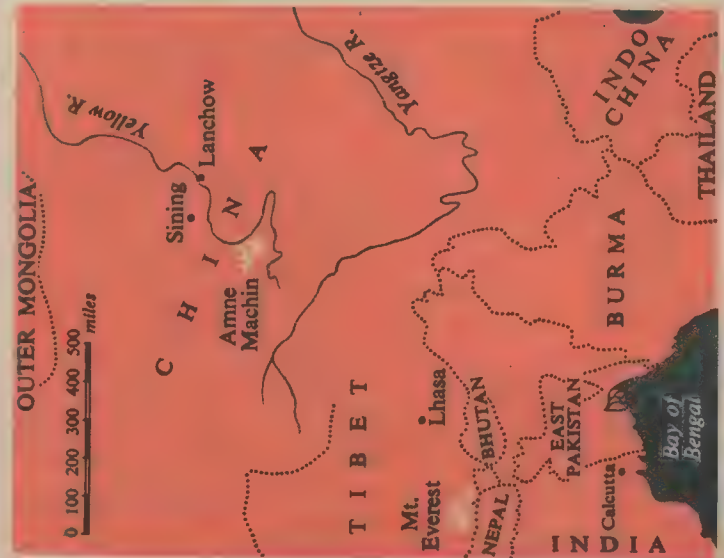
(11)



These Tibetan girls danced and sang for Clark's men during the celebrations at Fort Ta Ho Pa



A typical young Ngolok and a famous kenpö (priest) in conversation with Clark



Mount Amne Machin is in the Chinese province of Chinghai, which is geographically a part of Tibet

I FOLLOW THE HORSE THIEVES

decked themselves out in their best furs and danced and sang, returning with a fine gusto the tremulous song of the melting hours. Their skill and passion in both song and dance—with plenty of lowbrow whooping, cat-calling, stamping, clapping, ogling—were scarcely of this unhappy earth. Colonel Ma pointed out that there was not one shrinking violet among the lot.

"By Allah's smallest toe! If they are not, they will speedily land in the guard-house."

Being the guest of honour, I was led sedately by the Naja lords to the big chair standing at one end of the hall. The tamarisk walls were solidly lined with hundreds of people. Heads stuck in through every window. With mincing steps a girl would walk to the centre of the hall, and when the music—a wooden tom-tom and a pair of fantastic fiddles—started, she would begin to dance, using both skill and charm, and with an exaggerated coyness sing a love-song into the fluffy white cuff of her long sleeve. All songs were sung into the sleeve, but whether to symbolize modesty or to cut down volume, I could not ascertain.

When the girl finished, one of our Tibetan or Moslem braves would cavort out to the centre as if shot from a catapult (sometimes there was a collision), and gallantly dance and sing a hot answer to the girl.

The giant Najas, looking with their shaven heads like Indian chiefs on the warpath, yelled, howled wolf-calls and fired their guns far out into the wintry night. Sometimes they forgot they were inside government headquarters and fired their guns through the roof; but Captain Tan, always the host and diplomat, only smiled and said: "My roof is your roof," as he dusted himself down.

Even before dawn, lamas and *pönpös* were sending in messengers saying our caravan could pass through their lands. However, as scores of independent chiefs and robber bands would consider us fair prey, the chiefs insisted that their treaties could not hold them responsible.

Thus warned, my own advance detachment and part of the main column rode out of Fort Ta Ho Pa. Colonel Ma and Captain Tan, who were escorting a Tibetan trader's caravan headed for Lhasa, were to follow.

Our caravan now included 210 yaks, 117 saddle horses, and a miscellaneous herd of pack mules. The column was a thrilling sight; swinging along under shining, ever-changing skies and clouds; marching across the roof of the world, wending in and out and up and over and down—crossing lake-dotted steppes, passes, glaciers, tundra, stony deserts, the beds of rushing riverine torrents, mountains, swamps.

On our first night in camp, Dorje and I summoned Abdul (his Chinese name being Ma Weishan) to our tent. This twenty-six year old Salar sergeant was an expert guerrilla strategist, who could have held a captaincy in any European army. He could draw up, and was capable of executing, a plan of battle and personally lead a cavalry force of three hundred men into action. Abdul was more than six feet tall, lean and tough as whipcord, white-skinned, blue-eyed, handsome (except for a bad bayonet scar on his forehead) and gay; but for all this he was very reserved and quiet.

We questioned Abdul about the camp defences against attack. He answered that should a camp guard report anything suspicious out in the dark, our lights—candles and butter-lamps inside the tents—must be instantly extinguished. Camp

fires would be screened or doused with water. All tents must be immediately emptied, as these are the first to receive gunfire. Positions would be taken up near piles of gear and among the animals on the picket lines.

About two hours after Abdul's departure I heard the blast of a rifle. I scrambled up, grabbed my pistol from off my saddle-pillow, and took a header through the open door-flaps of the tent.

The night was pitch-dark except for a sheen of starlight reflecting off the tents. Then there came a pair of quick shots some hundred yards east of camp. Several horses were snorting alongside me and pulling back on their picket ropes. I took a few steps and saw that three of them were lying on the ground, kicking their hoofs out, as if dying. A gang of men were dousing the main camp fire, throwing handfuls of mud on it. I joined them and saw there was no panic—just an air of urgency.

By this time the whole camp was in an uproar; sergeants were barking orders, animals were snorting on the picket lines, some of the yaks were trying to stampede, troops were running to their posts, cocking rifles as they went. I managed to seize one of them by his robe-tail, and he turned out to be the chief cook, holding a meat cleaver.

"Shabrangs!" he said softly, pulling loose and taking a stand among the frightened horses.

Next, I saw Abdul striding along a picket line, quieting the horses. He explained that four Shabrangs had crept into camp, hamstringed three horses out of pure cussedness, and led out six of our best saddle-horses, including my black stallion, Black Moon of Alashan.

As I cursed the loss of my horse, Abdul interrupted me. "Commander—may I make a suggestion?" he said, standing to attention. "Please do."

"You are standing in your underwear, sir. It is more than twenty degrees below freezing." I got back to my tent, pulled on boots and got into a sheepskin robe and for the rest of the night we kept watch. At dawn, snow was falling heavily. The tracks of the four riders were deeply covered.

I wanted to get back the black horse, but when I broached the subject to Abdul, he informed me that Tan had ordered that no pursuits were to be made after casual stock thieves or raiders.

"Who is running this expedition? Tan or me?" I asked.

"You are, sir. But Tan Chen-te is commander of Fort Ta Ho Pa and district governor."

I went back to my tent and ordered Hassan, my orderly, to saddle a bay stallion. I was going to get the black horse if it was the last thing I ever did. The tracks had led out of camp on the east side; the bay and I clattered along through the snow for three miles. We reached the top of a hog's-back ridge, and there, in full view, less than five hundred yards away, stood about eighty horses: our six among them.

In a few minutes I had the band rounded up and started towards camp. Four Tibetans appeared on the top of a hill and began shooting at from four or five hundred yards, their bullets kicking up spurts of ice, none very close. They could not pursue, apparently, as all their camp horses were in the band.

Led by our six horses, the whole bunch kicked up their heels and headed for camp. As the horses ran through the tent area, I thought the men would throw a fit in their delight. Abdul

A PREDICTION BY CANDLELIGHT

started to open his mouth, took in my grin, and smiled instead.

"Count the horses!" I called out. "You will find our own six, plus three for those hamstringing, and the others will be impounded against court decision."

Later that day, the Lhasa caravan came plunging in, announced from a distance by a rattling and banging of impedimenta, animal grunts, whinnies and the tinkling of bronze bells. But, to our astonishment, neither Colonel Ma, nor Captain Tan came in with it, nor any member of their own escort.

By candlelight in my white tent, the Lhasa caravan master predicted on his amber rosary that Colonel Ma would not arrive on the morrow either. Solomon was not long in learning that a new batch of dancing girls had arrived soon after our departure; I didn't need a rosary to foretell further delay.

There was only one decision, and I made it: we would leave without them. A messenger was dispatched northward to the fort, informing our heroes of the decision. They were also informed, and I could visualize the consternation on their faces as they read the order, that they and their forces in Ta Ho Pa were now assigned and relegated to the dustbin as "a reinforcement and relief party."

In section, the column moved out. Clouds began coming in, and the mercury stood at thirteen degrees below zero centigrade. We were heading south towards the mighty Uligu range. At last, at 12,554 feet, we reached the lowest point in the notch of a pass.

Standing here, I could hardly catch my breath between the icy blasts. Glimming like a fractured diamond on our left rose the ice tower of Sho Tsasura (small sickle). Cautiously, taking care not to fall, we slid off the icy pass on the old tracks leading steeply downhill, working against a blizzard of wind filled with flying particles of dry ice.

A few hundred feet lower, snow began pelting our eyes with a sharp sideswipe. A bunch of frightened horses slid down a steep slant, starting a small avalanche, piling up a mess of stones, snow and ice. We worked a way down to them and pulled out all but six. Three were hopelessly buried and three with broken legs were shot.

Covered with snow, we regained the yaks' trail, following it for about a quarter of a mile down to a partly sheltered ravine. Even here, our horses could hardly face the sting of the intruding wind and its cargo of driven crystals sweeping off Tsasura Peak. My feet were freezing. My hands were bluish-purple, and a ring of ice slowly caked the inside of my fox-cap. From the set faces about me, I could tell that the others, too, were silently suffering their cuts, bruises and frostbites.

After two days' march we reached what was called locally Dangnur Pass (I couldn't find it on a map), 13,346 feet high. On Dangnur Pass we took shelter behind an *obo*, a holy cairn of stones built to placate mountain spirits.

While most of the men busied themselves at keeping warm, I climbed to the top of the *obo* and got out my binoculars and studied, point by point, the frozen horizon extending into central Tibet. As I turned the focusing knob the blurred images of the far mountains became sharply defined. I caught my breath against the wind and slowly—mile by mile—studied the far away, white crusty rim of the earth.

Only serrated, shark-toothed ranges of ice- and snow-covered mountains lay in the field of

vision. Then suddenly I detected a low, isolated streak of cloud hanging in a pale-blue patch of sky, and instantly *knew* that under it lay the great, icy-titled reflecting mirror of Anne Machin, itself not directly visible from this distance through the lenses.

Immediately I spread a map on a clear patch of the snowy top of the *obo*, and turning it for exact orientation with the compass, carefully pencilled the spot indicated by the cloud and drew a line linking us to Anne Machin. It did exist . . . it was practically mine . . . of that I was sure.

Under the *obo*, a ring of eager, sun-blackened faces turned up.

"Can you see it?" called Prince Dorje, in a shout heard as a whisper in the whistling wind.

"It's there!" I cried.

His smile and a few rapid words reassured the others, and with lighter hearts and a vision of eventual quick return to Sining the whole caravan started off with a yell down Dangnur Pass.

Hours later, and safely off the pass, we skirted an abyss and climbed to a frozen, barren hog's-back. A man up forward signalled a warning, crouching down as he did so. Riding to a point under the crest we looked over. In the distance a mile away were several columns of smoke. "Ngolok tribesmen!" someone whispered.

Hassan, the chief scout, handed me the binoculars and, after studying the smoke, I broke out laughing. Instead of trouble, salvation had appeared in the form of several hot springs. Dismounting hurriedly we ran to the water and were soon thawing our hands and feet.

I decided to take a bath and asked that a small tent be pitched over one of the cooler pot-holes. The men protested that I would die of pneumonia. But my exaggerated *salaming* brought good-natured grins and the raising of the tent. Although it was cold I abandoned my vile sheepskins, pants and boots. Only a quick plunge saved me from discomfort; in the tent a freezing wind was curling under the flapping edges. The Tibetans and Moslems came crowding around to view this marvel. Very few country Tibetans ever bathe.

We broke camp in a low temperature of twenty-eight degrees below zero centigrade. Our elevation was 11,731 feet, causing the men to pant as they loaded the yaks and horses. That day began clear and, though cold, there was no wind, and for this we were thankful.

The direction of the march now was west towards the lake of Kara Nor. By mid-afternoon we reined in and camped above a stream. An *obo*, with sacred *mani* stones, proclaimed it to be the Dianchou. The old Tibetan, Chemkurja, our senior tailor, soon settled himself out of the biting wind in his barricade of sacked barley and busied himself.

Chemkurja had been a lama. He was not an ignorant old Tibetan oriental, as I had always thought. He was a philosopher built on profound lines. He no longer struggled with his life, speaking as if it were something entirely different from "him." Earthly frustrations had long departed and peace had settled, he said, like gold in a torrent's bed.

"Peace has come to me. Death of family, of friends, loss of possessions, failure or success—none of these calamities causes me any unhappiness now. All is the will of forces greater than man, the ego. Knowing this, I am a free man. I am a very happy man!"

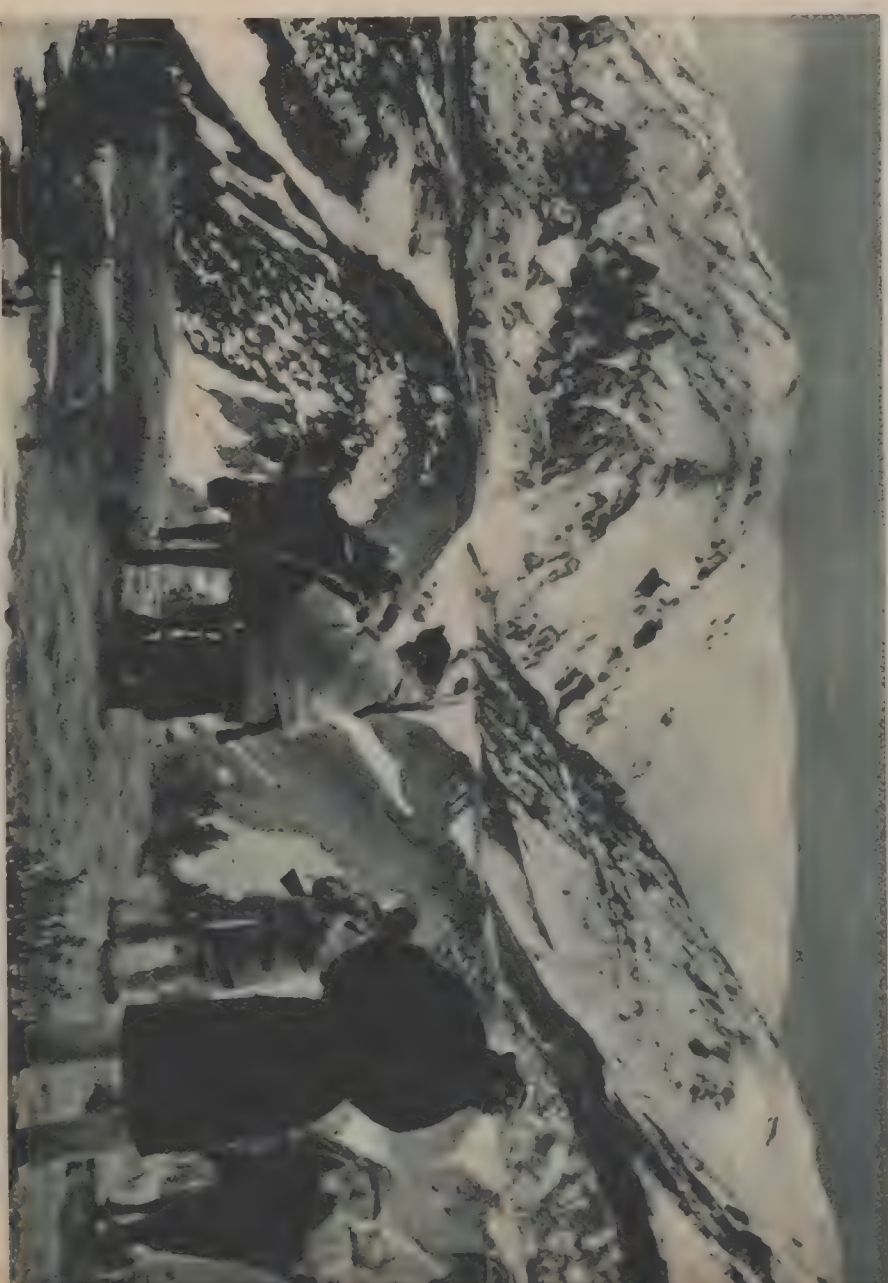
I liked old Chemkurja—his brown parchment



Chutsu Tsereng, a bold soldier of fortune, warned Clark of the savagery of the Ngoloks



Colonel Ma with a bag of gazelles, their throats cut to comply with Moslem food laws



Four of Clark's men on the north side of Anne Machin. The main peak lies behind the long ridge

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BOY ON A DOLPHIN

Continued from page 26

you looked at it from the point of view of the heiress to the Loustros millions. . . . With a little spurt of honesty he answered his question in the affirmative.

All the same, if he could talk to Pero, he was certain that he could persuade her. And if he didn't persuade her. . . .

It would be best to get the statue away first and talk afterwards. It was not that he was afraid of Pero—it was just that half a million was half a million. . . .

At dawn he was nearing Mykonos. The timing was perfect, and Guido knew exactly what he proposed to do. There were no doubts in his mind, no doubts at all. At sunrise the calque would be in position. With the first light he would dive. There would be no one to see him. He was certain that he would be able to find the statue at once. The marks that he had used were etched indelibly upon his mind.

He went aft and spoke to the men at the tiller and the boat came round a little. The bay where the statue lay was empty. On Delos there was no life. On Mykonos nothing, nothing that could be seen.

He stopped the motor. The boat drifted slowly on. Quietly and efficiently the two men of the crew passed a rope under her bows, dragged it according to Guido's instructions until it was amidships, and made it fast over the cabin top. Then they brought a second rope.

Excitement, which had had Guido in its grip before the dawn, had gone. He had no anxiety, only certitude.

Once he had got the statue to the boat—he proposed to float it up and lash it to the ropes beneath her keel—he would take the calque back and hide in the deep bay in the southern half of Rhenea. There the boat would be all but invisible. . . .

But this had been his plan all along. The decision that he had come to in the night was to see Pero.

SOMETHING of all this went through his mind as he waited with his foot on the rough stirrup of the rope. Then he dropped under the water and swam down without hurry, concentrating only on the dive. The boat had finished up barely twenty yards from the statue, and he found it within ten minutes. He knew precisely what to do now with the valves of the rubber dinghy. The statue was buoyant within five minutes, and he began to tow it towards the ship.

There was no difficulty at all. He was astonished at the ease of it. The task of lashing it to the ropes took perhaps a little longer than he had hoped, but that in itself was unimportant. The lashings were secure. He was quite satisfied of that before he surfaced. The knots were tied and double tied.

When it was done he let the air out of the rubber dinghy and allowed that to float away to the bottom like some enormous ray. Then he surfaced and called to the men. Two minutes later the calque was moving slowly and quietly away. . . .

Guido slept through the middle of the day.

It was necessary, for the new plan, to leave the men with the boat. They

were dull, uninterested, stupid. Probably there was little danger, but he opened up the engine casing and removed two valves from the engine, just in case.

Then he went off with the dinghy. He took her up as far as the second indentation of the bay of Ornos and left her there. She was reasonably hidden. Then he swam under water up to the head of the bay, exchanged his frog flippers for rubber shoes, walked across the narrow isthmus that separated Ornos from Korfos Bay, clambered down at the end of the little cliff and then slipped into the water again.

He went up Korfos Bay swimming strongly and cleanly.

HE came in the last few yards slowly with his head above the surface. He had little fear of being seen now: it was the middle of the siesta period. It might have been possible for him to slip through the alleyways to Pero's house, but the risk was just a fraction too great. Almost certainly Loustros must have acted by now. Somehow Mykonos would be warned.

He decided that it would be easier to use as a messenger the girl Theodore. He had used her before.

He came into the shallows underneath the windows of the house where Theodore lived.

Groping, Guido found half a dozen tiny pebbles and threw them up at her window. She put her head out after the second shower of stones, her face alive with expectation. It changed rapidly. A slight cloud of disgust spread across it.

"Oh, it's you!" she said.

"Listen, Theodore! I have a message for Pero. You must take it at once."

The look of disgust disappeared suddenly from Theodore's face. With her lips slightly parted and her small, even teeth showing in an angelic smile, she asked gently: "How much?"

"Five drachmas," Guido said automatically.

"Twenty."

"Ten," said Guido. But he was afraid that some other head would thrust itself out of one of the windows nearby. "Right, twenty," he capitulated.

Theodore stretched out her hand. Guido gestured at his exiguous bathing trunks.

"Do I carry a fortune in these?" he demanded. "You will get it from Pero. Listen, this is the message. Tell her she must meet me at five o'clock at Kako Point—alone. She must come by herself in the sailing dinghy. Tell her she must be there. Everything rests on it."

Theodore was impressed by the vehemence of his tone as much as by the words. "All right, and you will send back the twenty drachmas with her?"

"I swear it."

Her head disappeared. He turned, waded out four paces, slipped into the water, pulled his mask down and was gone. . . .

Amiably but firmly, Madden said, "You're not going to dive again this afternoon, either of you."

They were back on Mykonos. Calder nodded reluctantly. "I suppose you are right," he said.

"I know I'm right," retorted Madden. "If you make a long dive again

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this afternoon, you'll be flat out for a week and so will Pero. Go on, Pero—off to bed."

The girl stood up wearily. "Where will I find you?"

"I'm going to take the professor over to Delos for a walk," Madden said. "He's an archaeologist, he's been here a week, and he hasn't seen Delos yet. His union'll throw him out on his ear."

Calder looked at him surprised. "You know, you are quite right. I had almost forgotten about Delos."

Pero said: "I'll come with you."

Madden snapped: "For the third and last time, Miss Loustros, will you go to bed?"

She protested a little but at length capitulated. They watched her walk off, without spring, without elasticity. After that they sat for a little longer in the shade, and then Madden called Akastos, who was lounging at the window.

He said: "Go and find Methuselah and Father Time and tell 'em to warm up the motor, and then you can go and keep an eye on what Nicomachos does." The boy went off. The two men sat in silence for a while. And then Calder said: "I'll make a bargain with you. I want to have a quick look round the landing place on this side of Delos. There's just a chance—"

"Diving?" Madden's eyebrows shot up.

"No, I'll take a snorkel and mask with me. I just want to look at the bottom."

Madden grunted doubtfully, but Calder disregarded the grunt.

THEODOREE climbed by her private toeholes to the top of the wall and rested her stomach on its well-worn smoothness. Pero was asleep on the long garden couch.

Theodoree clawed with her fingers until she found a piece of loose plaster and broke it off. Judging her distance exquisitely, she threw. The plaster landed with precision in the middle of Pero's stomach.

At once Pero sat up, with a jerkiness, an angularity, that betrayed the state of her nerves.

Theodoree said softly: "That Guido. He says that you must be at Kako Point at five o'clock—by yourself. You must go there in the small sailing boat. He says"—she slowed for a moment to remember the exact words of Guido's exhortation—"you must be there. Everything rests on it. He said *everything*." She stressed the word. "For myself I think you would be a fool to go—the Englishman is much better—but Guido promised me twenty drachmas."

"Guido . . ." began Pero, still

slightly confused with sleep, and a shade louder than she had intended.

Maria, the chaperon, the woman appointed by Pero's father to look after her, came out of a door as if at a cue. "He has come, then!"

Theodoree disappeared. Pero said confusedly: "He has come. He sent a message. He has not stolen it, then."

She was aware of an intense relief. She was right in her faith—at least in what at first had been her faith—in Guido. She was wrong in her mistrust. And her father was wrong and Madden was wrong—above all, Madden was wrong.

PERO felt a tremendous, overwhelming emotional release. "I am so happy!" she exclaimed, flinging her arms round Maria's neck. "I am so happy!" And then, as if something had stung her, some very tiny, almost invisible insect, she began to wonder how happy she was.

Before she had time to explore the doubt, the head and shoulders, the clawing hands of a boy, appeared over the wall. Breathless, panting, a boy's voice said: "Miss Pero, Miss Pero, Guido Torcelli is here! I have come from George. George saw him pass from behind the Praso Islets heading for Ornos. I have come to tell you."

"Thank you," said Pero, and the boy disappeared.

"At least the whole village knows of it," said Maria caustically.

Pero turned to her and said: "There is nothing left for me but to go. I will tell my father that you did your best to stop me. If you would prefer it—" a gleam of the old wickedness came into her eye for a moment—"I will tie you up in your chair and gag you."

Maria uttered one single expressive, unprintable word and abandoned the argument as profitless.

From his seat on the hotel terrace Nicomachos watched Pero hurrying down the mole.

Nicomachos regarded the milky waters of his ouzo with a tepid enthusiasm. "There is a time for drinking," he said to the tall man, who was sitting with his back to the mole. "And there is also a time for action. This is now a time for action."

The tall man started to heave himself up. Nicomachos motioned him to sit down. "We will see first what the lady does."

The tall man said: "She is running down the mole."

"Even I," remarked Nicomachos sadly, "can see that. Now—the professor and the American are on Delos, admiring the ruins. The two old foolish boatmen have gone round with the caique to Panormos. The small boy who is watching us is sitting on the

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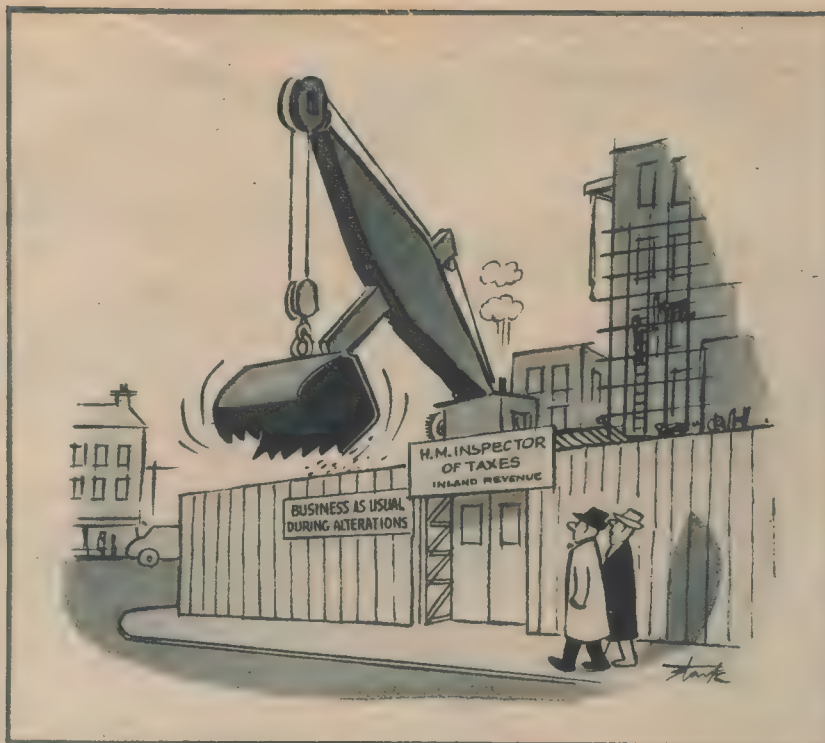
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end of the mole. Who, then, does Pero run for?" He paused, and then said softly: "There remains only Guido."

Pero had stopped and was kneeling down on the flags of the quay, freeing the rope of the sailing dinghy. She pulled it in with the ease of long practice and stepped into it. Rapidly and expertly she began to free the sail cover.

"In three minutes," Nicomachos said to his companion, "you may get up." He watched the dinghy as it gathered speed across the dark wind-ruffled water of the harbour. They watched as Pero altered course for the light buoy at the harbour mouth.

"Now you may get up," said Nicomachos, and the two men began to walk leisurely towards the mole.

AKASTOS watched them as they hauled Ain the long grey boat and, clambering on board, woke up the reluctant crew.

As they began to get the boat ready for sea, Nicomachos said to the tall man: "Take off your clothes. There are no ladies about. There is no need to be modest with me. And dive down and free the anchor. That small boy forgot how clear the water is."

With the utmost chagrin Akastos watched the tall man as he went in over the bows.

Five minutes later the grey boat slid from its place and came round the end of the mole. Nicomachos, lounging at the stern, waved to Akastos.

He did not follow Pero. Instead he turned down the line of the outside of the mole, keeping as close in as appeared safe.

Pero held the tiller with the delicate touch of an artist. She had sailed dinghies for years. She made the most of the wind. She had to get there quickly. She had to get there before the doubts and the uncertainties re-shaped her mind for her. She had to get there fast enough to overtake her own racing thoughts.

She was trying to remember the exact words of the letter Madden had brought from Guido in Athens. "It is our last chance. Our only chance to go together. We can make enough for both of us." She remembered with a distressed recognition of the fact that each of the five paragraphs had in it a reference to money.

The other side of her mind said that Guido's letter was not Guido. She remembered sailing across this bay, herself lying propped against the lifebelts, and Guido sitting with his hand on the tiller, that firm brown hand with the shaped wrist and the muscular arm. She saw his head suddenly—the fine, well-sculptured profile, the dark hair with just the slightest masculine hint of a wave, and clear eyes. There was no difficulty at all in overlooking the deep line of the

chin and the faint dissatisfaction of the mouth.

They had sailed out like this in the dinghy on the day they found the statue. She remembered his face as they clung to the side after they had surfaced, laughing and gay and triumphant. He was young, that was his quality, his special quality. He had the very flower of youth, its verve, its vigour, its beauty—its evanescence.

It would take her twenty minutes more to get to the point. Her watch told her that it was five and twenty minutes to five. There was time in hand—time enough to go over every moment of the days that she had spent with Guido, every gay hour of the evenings, dancing over the water in Phaleron Bay, moonlit drives up the winding road to the summit of Parnis, parties at the little restaurant at Sunion.

Quite suddenly she was close in to the piled rocks of Delos. She could see the colour of them—the red, the brown, the yellow—and she could see the outboard dinghy which was moored against the rocks of the natural landing place.

Guido was standing absolutely still on a ledge above it so that his head and magnificently moulded shoulders were clear against the blue of the sky. He looked as if he were part of the classic tradition of the place.

She thought: he isn't as tall as he used to be. And wondered in a panic why she thought of it. . . .

ON Delos, Calder and Madden went up the hill slowly. The sun was very hot and Madden sweated frankly and generously. Calder wanted to see the temples at the summit and to Madden's complaints he answered: "Do your figure a world of good!"

They were two-thirds of the way up the great stairway when Madden saw the sail. He sat down at once and lifted his binoculars.

Calder asked impatiently: "What is it?"

"Sail-boat. I like sail-boats." Madden got the glasses focused. "And of all the sail-boats I like, I like best the one that belongs to Pero Loustros. Maybe it's just because I like Pero."

Calder turned round. In these last days he had drawn very close to Madden. Almost he could hear the things that Madden left unsaid. He looked back at the little white triangle in the middle of the channel. "Is that Pero's dinghy?"

"Sure!"

"Then she must want us." Calder spoke much more rapidly than was normal.

"Maybe."

"Well, come on then!"

"And maybe not," Madden said. "I'm trying to figure it out. If she was coming to see us, she'd either

make a course for the sacred harbour or she'd shape down for the steps at Gournia. I reckon she's dead midway in between."

"Why?" asked Calder very softly and as if to himself.

"There's the double-cross," offered Madden conversationally. "There's the triple-cross and there's the quadruple-cross." He dropped his glasses to the full length of their strap against his chest and said: "Come on! Let's go and see! If there was anything beyond the quadruple-cross, I'd bet on that."

GUIDO came down to the water's edge and crouched to take the bow of the dinghy as it came in. Pero let the mainsail down with a run and unfastened the jib halyard. Then for a moment she sat, half covered by the white folds of the sail, watching him. Guido stretched down and got hold of the end of the painter before he looked full at her. Then he held out one hand and said: "It's a bit slippery here."

She smiled wanly. It seemed absurdly difficult to speak. Still with her hand in his, she followed him up the rock. He had made fast the painter of the dinghy and pushed it out. The wind held it away from the rocks beside the outboard boat.

He led her up to the flat level above the little cliff and then, without any hesitation, he pulled her to him and kissed her.

She found a tremendous difficulty in responding to his kiss. She was not certain even in the end if she had responded, but her arms went round his neck and she said directly to him at last: "Oh, Guido! Guido! What have you done?"

"Pero, my love, we must be grown up. Your father won't let us meet again. This is the only chance that we have. You've got to come with me now."

"Now?" she asked piteously.

"I mean now—at once!"

She broke across his words. "Guido, where is the statue?"

"I've got it. My boat is down there." He waved one arm vaguely down the coast. "I've sold it."

"It wasn't yours to sell," she said sadly. "It wasn't. It belongs to Greece."

"That statue belongs to me," he declared brutally. Somehow he was sure now that he could deal with her scruples. He pulled her to him.

"Listen, my lovely fool! I have sold that statue for half a million drachmas. By midnight I'll have the money. Nobody can stop me now. Pero, it's enough for us to live on—enough for us to go where we want—enough to start my life—our lives—together."

She could feel the emotion in him, feel the beating of his heart, the passion that moved him, the strong, selfish certainty. She tried to free herself but he held her very tightly against him.

"Pero," he said, "I love you. Never in my life have I loved a girl before. You know about the girls I have played with. They were nothing. They did not matter. It was difficult to say these things to you before because I had no money. Always I felt that you would think I was looking for your father's money—but now I have money. What proof do you need that I love you? What proof can I give you?"

Almost she was carried away by his ardour, and yet somehow he still seemed small to her, smaller than he had been, as if she did not have to turn upwards to his kisses. She said slowly: "You can't understand, Guido. You aren't a Greek. We have so little left of our greatness. We can give nothing away."

"Nobody knows about the statue," he said passionately. "It was our secret."

She flared back at him: "Everybody knows about it! Why did you take the Swede Norup to the museum and stare at the Boy Jockey of Artemision? Why did you come down in a boat from Tinos and dive to the cave?"

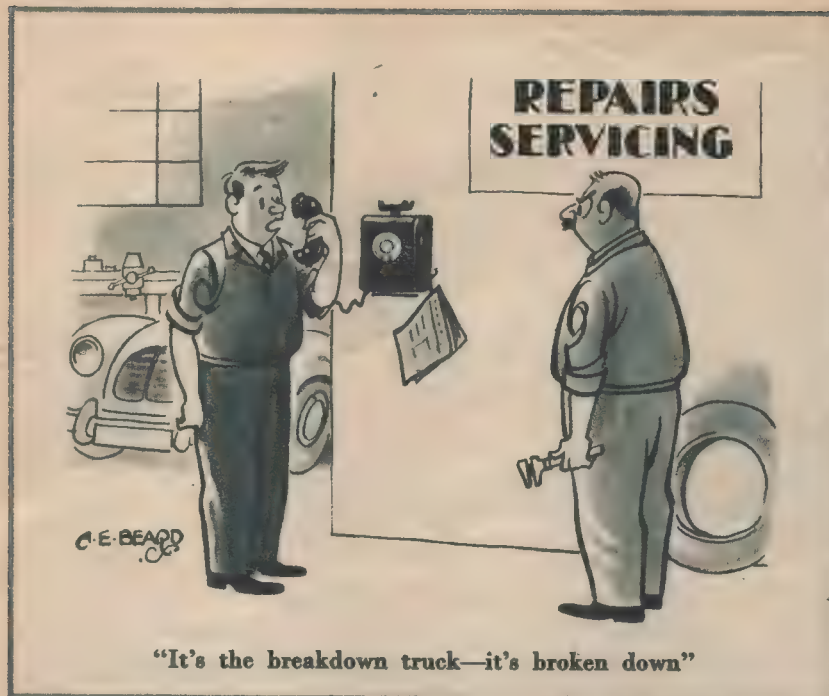
His arms released her suddenly and she felt him step back. Her eyes were



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half-closed so that she could only see him as a shadow. "What did you tell Nicomachos?" she asked.

He stretched out towards her as if to hold her again. "What does it matter? I have it. When I give it to Norup I get a fortune. There is no more to be said."

Quite slowly she answered: "There is everything still to be said, Guido. I found the statue. It belongs to Greece and I have promised it to Mykonos. I would not break my promise even if I could—and especially I would not break it for you."

"You will!" he insisted. "You will!"

He stretched back to take her again, and even as he stretched towards her, her hand shot out and she gave him a stinging slap across the face.

MADDERN smiled. "Beautiful," he said, his binoculars glued to his eyes. Calder winced. They were close enough now to see quite clearly without the glasses, but Madden clung to their aid. It was he who had recognized Guido as they came over the little rise above Gournia. It was he who had made Calder sit and watch through the tragi-comedy of the meeting, almost holding him down.

"I misjudged her," he said. "It isn't us she's double-crossing. It's only Guido, and I never thought she could smack with her right like that. Good girl! Good girl!"

They could hear little at that distance, but it was clear that Pero was blazing at the boy now.

Calder said: "I think perhaps I ought—"

"I know you ought," agreed Madden. "Go in and beat him up, but don't throw him into the sea. Remember he can swim. And give me that thing." He stretched out and took the snorkel.

Calder had already started forward. "Are you coming?"

"I am not. I know where I stand with Pero, which is more than you ever will."

Madden looked after Calder's retreating figure with a smile that had much more than a trace of envy in it. Then he turned and began to move clumsily but rapidly down the cliff edge towards the water. Fifty yards along the cliffs he could see the tip of the mast of a small caique. He had not pointed out his discovery to Calder.

With a speed amazing for one ordinarily so lethargic he worked his way to a point where he could see down into the curve of the bay that hid the caique.

The two members of the crew were lying on the deck, one of them face downwards with his head pillowed on his arms, the other with his head in the shade and a cloth over it. Madden watched them with care.

Pero had never told him the exact size of the statue. He began to wonder

just how big it was and his mind went back to the Boy Jockey of Artemision. Mentally he placed it on a plunging dolphin. Would it be possible to get a bronze of that size into the cabin of the caique?

The caique swung a little wider. He could see the whole length of her side now and he spotted two ropes that passed over the cabin top and down her side into the water. Very patiently he waited till she swung the opposite way. There were two ropes that side as well. He wriggled back, dropped his glasses and muttered: "Could be." Then he began to work his way down to the water's edge.

He found a route that hid him except for the last three yards. When he had reached the end of cover he stood staring disgustedly at the snorkel mask. Then, very reluctantly, he began to strip.

When he was down to a gaudy pair of underpants, the look of disgust on his face broadened.

"At least I can't drown in these," he said. "I'd be too damn ashamed."

He fumbled in his pockets, pulled out a pocket-knife and opened the large blade. Putting on the mask, he crept into the water and began to work himself along the shallows with just the snorkel tube above the surface.

When he was opposite the caique he took one last cautious look. There was so sign of life at all. He remembered the instructions that he had been given the only time he had ever tried a snorkel before, and began to swim out towards the caique.

Taking a last deep breath, he dived. His whole balance was thrown out by the mask. He was uncomfortable, his face felt hot and flushed. His body felt strangely cold in the warm water.

THEN he forgot everything of his own physical troubles, for the statue was hanging below the caique lashed to the ropes. It hung upside down. The light met on it from either side of the shadowed hull as if it were focused there. For a brief and wonderful instant it seemed to him alive, the great fish straining at its bonds, thrusting away from the bottom of the ship.

He had very little time. His breath was almost going, but he looked quickly at the lashings. Guido had used a thin, strong cord. The knots were impossible. He swam away from it. He was purple in the face now, very nearly done. He saw the propeller of the caique and, as slowly as he dared, as slowly as his mounting desperation allowed him, he eased himself up to the surface and felt the fresh air come in through the tube.

He clung there, breathing as slowly and as quietly as he could, for three long minutes and then he filled his lungs again and swam down a second time, with the knife stretched out before him.

To be concluded next week

STEADY DARKER!

Continued from page 15

when, later on, in a voice I hardly recognized as my own, I asked her if she would meet me again, to my amazement this paragon of all fleshly delight said she would love to.

Our first kiss took place on Mitcham Common, and passed off fairly successfully. After this we kissed quite regularly there, several times on Streatham Common, and once as far from base as the Addington Hills. To get there we had to take a threepenny bus ride, and this was the beginning of the end.

It was a long bus ride for threepence, and I had to think of lots of conversation before we got to the kissing grounds. Long before we were there, a terrible thought had dawned on me, namely that except when she was kissing, she was one of the dullest people I had ever had to spend time with. This coloured the whole operation on the Addington Hills. All the time we were kissing I kept thinking with dread of the conversation on the way back.

It gave me great food for thought. Girls are a mug's game, I decided. When I looked round, lots of chaps seemed to get hooked to some female and finished up with millstones round their necks and steady jobs in banks and offices. If you wanted to get ahead of the others, you had to work that bit harder while the other mugs were doing the kissing.

And so at fifteen and a half I eschewed women. Besides, we were starting to work for School Certificate. I had three attempts at this, and just scraped through the third time.

It wasn't women who caused my failure the first time, but my friend Rupert Ingrams.

RUPERT played the hymns at prayers in the morning, on the grand piano in the great hall of the school. Just occasionally, but unmistakably, the jazz-minded among us had begun to detect in his playing a hint of swing.

This was a natural evolution with Rupert, not a premeditated sacrilege. It set me thinking. We were both already in the Officers' Training Corps Band, he a flautist, I one of the front-row drummers. I wasn't a bad drummer, by this time. We had just got our first radio set at home, and I would often take my drumsticks home and keep Mr. Jack Payne's admirable music company with flams, drags and paradiddles on any hard surface in sight. And now Rupert my friend was turning into a jazz pianist. Why not, then, form a dance band of our own?

I told him what I had in mind, and he agreed, and all the heady fleshpots of West End night life were at my feet. Those were still the days when the rhythm section of a dance band consisted of a sousaphone and banjo. The sousaphone was out of the question. Who was going to play the banjo? "I wouldn't," I explained (although I was pretty useful on a ukelele) "because then who's going to be on drums?"

This was where I took a show business blow on the chin. Rupert had enough character not to go all round an unpleasant task. "I think Merefield ought to play the drums," he said.

Merefield was a quiet, handsome youth whom everybody liked, but I had not thought of him in terms of our dance band.

"He has a wonderful drum set," said Rupert.

And so that was that. Rupert also had a friend who played the saxophone, and what is more, could improvise on it, a lad named Fraser. As for me—I had got to get a banjo.

We met. The band was formally formed, over coffee and biscuits in our house. Then came a harder blow. It was proposed by Ken Merefield, and seconded by Don Fraser, that the outfit should be called Rupert D. Ingrams and His Music. I didn't like this very much, if only because I have never graciously played second fiddle to anyone. Looking now at an old photograph we have of the ensemble, I can see that it was an entirely sensible proposal.

Although convinced that I was in



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appearance the tall, suave night club type, I see from the picture that I resembled nothing more brassy than a frustrated church organist doubling cubmaster. Rupert was the one with the personality, the assurance, the talent, and above all a dinner jacket that had been made to measure.

We used to charge £4 a night, and once had three engagements in a week. I remember at the time working out my share—£3 a week, £150 a year. Not bad going for just under sixteen, but it played Old Harry with work.

School Certificate was coming along, and so were more engagements for the dance band, and then, just when I should have been studying every evening, I got in with a private broadcasting station.

This was run by a friend of mine, who is now one of the chief engineers with the B.B.C., Colin Begbie. He was always mad on radio, had just left Stowe School and got a job with the Corporation. At weekends he had worked and worked in a shed, and produced a complete radio transmitter which would reach as far as two miles away in every direction. His interest was entirely to do with the wires and the valves; his big headache was what to transmit. I decided to gather control of the production side into my own hands.

My interest in Rupert D. Ingrams and His Music soon vanished. On this private radio station I was a much bigger noise. I wrote for the network, I announced for it, I even sang for it, and thought the square microphone that hung from the centre of the Begbies' drawing-room was a veritable Pandora's box of enchantment.

ALL this, as I say, fell at the very period when School Certificate was imminent. It came, and except in English, history, geography and French, I failed. I had only failed by one subject however, so I was told that I could work hard and have another go after one term.

About this time I fell under the spell of P. G. Wodehouse. Playing cricket for the school's second eleven, against Dulwich College, I had seen him one day roving around chatting. As the ex-Dulwich fast bowler, he would often sneak back to the scenes of his old triumphs. Here is a man, thought I, with a background similar to my own who has become a humorous writer of world renown. At some time he must have said: "Now I am going to start to write!"

I went home and read one of his latest novels, and was enthralled by the lovely turn of phrase, the complicated but exquisitely woven plots, and that original world of his own, those kindly, pointless people all pursuing their fatuous interests with such application. Wonderful! But how about the first book? How good was that? I made inquiries about it, and at last got hold of a copy from the library.

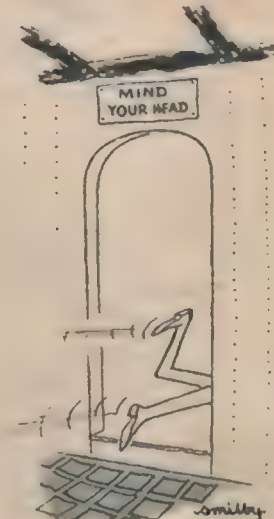
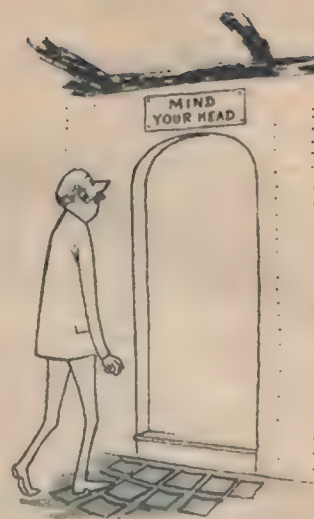
It was a school story called *The Pot Hunt* and was about a presentation cup that was stolen. It wasn't all that good. I found out that Wodehouse was nineteen when he wrote it, and it suddenly became a matter of life and death to me to write a full-length book of some kind when I was eighteen.

Why did he write a school story, when afterwards he could cover such a wide canvas—New York, English county society, the theatre? I decided it was because he wrote first of the only world he knew. What world did I know? Only the same. I had an overpowering urge to put it down on paper. Nothing else was important.

I had a bedroom with a gas fire, and my father gave me a chair from his study, and my sister her drawing-board, which exactly fitted across the chair's arms, so that I could write on it, or type. I am still using the same drawing-board and the same chair.

Father had brought home a stack of green paper which, he said, was popular with famous authors who found it restful to their eyes.

I dressed in my dressing-gown, put on a bow tie (I had a picture of P. G. Wodehouse wearing a bow tie), and seated myself with a pen and a stack of green paper and started to write. I



wrote the title of the whole book first, in bold letters: *The Watch Hunt*; it was my intention to write a school story all about a presentation watch that was going to be stolen.

And so I failed my second attempt at School Certificate. My marks were worse than in my first attempt, and the headmaster, Mr. Ronald Gurner, sent for me in his study. Hubble the porter hung about outside pretending to be tidying up. I knew it was in case there was to be a flogging.

But Mr. Gurner didn't flog me. Instead he wrote on my report: "This boy is a clown" which is more than any of the critics have written since. He also told me what a disappointment I was. I just wouldn't concentrate on the job in hand—lessons, cricket or O.T.C.

"What's the matter with you?" he said sternly. "Why are you so woolly-brained, Barker?"

With more pride than modesty, I am afraid, I told him: "I am writing a novel, sir."

THIS altered the whole atmosphere. Mr. Gurner had published several novels, and had the bug badly, too. We were buddies from then on. He told me he knew Phillips Oppenheim. Not to be outdone, as I wasn't sure who Phillips Oppenheim was, I countered with having seen P. G. Wodehouse over on the far side of the Dulwich College cricket field.

Hubble had grown tired of waiting for his prey and was gone when I left the study. . . . I had told my new friend that I would work a bit harder for my third attempt at School Certificate. This was a case of my word given, and there was no way out. So I worked, and I passed the examination, and my school-days were over. I was sixteen and five months.

I continued to live at 167 Brighton Road, Purley, and entered my father's business in the City.

The agreement was that one month after leaving school I was to join Messrs. Aylott and Barker, wholesale paper merchants, of 73 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. My salary to start with was to be £250 a year, one hundred of which would be banked for

He has dandruff. So have a lot of other people, why should he bother about it? His hair is growing vigorously. Ten years' time? That's a whole ten years away.



His hair is receding at the temples—advanced dandruff has begun to affect the hair roots. They tell him his new wide forehead makes him look distinguished. Are they being truthful—or kind?



His hair is lank and greasy. He can't say that he's noticed any radical change and he's got plenty of hair anyway. For how long?



He has limp and lifeless hair because he's got a greasy scalp. He doesn't suppose there's anything he can do about it. Soon, perhaps, he will be right.



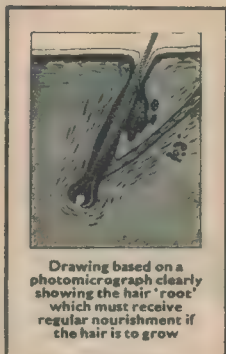
Is more hair lost through ignorance than old age?

DON'T IGNORE WARNING SIGNS LIKE THESE!

THESE seven men are typical examples of the way carelessness and ignorance actively contribute to loss of hair. They are allowing warning signs to go unchecked — and they will go on disregarding their hair health until it is too late. *Once hair roots have withered and died no treatment on earth can bring them back to life.* Look at those seven photographs again, then look at your own hair. Are you ignoring warning signs, and if so, what can you do about it? By far the best answer discovered to date is — Silvikrin.

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But Pure Silvikrin is only part of the story. Working in their specially equipped laboratories devoted entirely to the study of the hair's needs, the Silvikrin experts have developed a whole range of products, all incorporating measured amounts of Pure Silvikrin, covering all aspects of hair health. Start the Silvikrin treatment immediately and give yourself the best possible chance of perfect hair health.

WHEN YOU NEED SILVIKRIN

FALLING HAIR AND SEVERE DANDRUFF Trouble at the hair root or in the scalp may be due to a shortage of even one of the 18 amino-acids which hair must have in order to grow properly. Your best chance of checking falling hair and severe dandruff is to apply Pure Silvikrin, a concentrated solution of all the amino-acids from which hair is built.

GREASY SCALP Excessive activity of the sebaceous gland causes over-oiliness of the scalp which may lead to thinning hair. The remedy is first to shampoo your hair at least once a week, and more often if necessary, with a Silvikrin Shampoo. Second, massage the scalp lightly night and morning with Silvikrin Hair Tonic, a pleasant non-oily lotion which keeps the scalp free from excessive oiliness.

DRY HAIR Dull dry hair and an itchy scalp mean that too little sebum or natural oil is being produced at the hair root. The remedy is to massage the scalp with Silvikrin Hair Dressing (a lotion with oil). Massage will help to stimulate the whole of the scalp — and Silvikrin Hair Dressing will supplement the supply of natural oils.

CLEANLINESS Always keep your hair scrupulously clean. This is important since disorders such as dandruff are far more likely when hair and scalp are dirty or excessively greasy. A Silvikrin shampoo once a week is the best possible way of keeping your hair clean and healthy.

THE SILVIKRIN RANGE

Pure Silvikrin—
A concentrated solution of the 18 organic substances (amino-acids) from which hair is built. 11/3 for a month's supply.

Silvikrin Hair Tonic—
An invigorating lotion (without oil) for daily massage, containing a measured proportion of Pure Silvikrin. 2/6 and 4/4d.

Silvikrin Hair Dressing—
A superb daily dressing containing just enough oil to groom your hair smartly and naturally all day long: of especial value in checking dandruff. 2/6 and 4/4d.

Silvikrin Hair Cream—
A first rate hair cream, for those who want 'something a little extra'. 2/9 a jar.

Silvikrin Shampoos—Liquid 6d and 1/5—
Powder 4d—Cream 6d, 1/5 and 2/3.

All these products contain a measured proportion of Pure Silvikrin, for the sake of your hair's health.

He has a patch of thinning hair. Disconcerting, yes, but if he brushes carefully over the patch, who can tell? Nobody—at the moment.

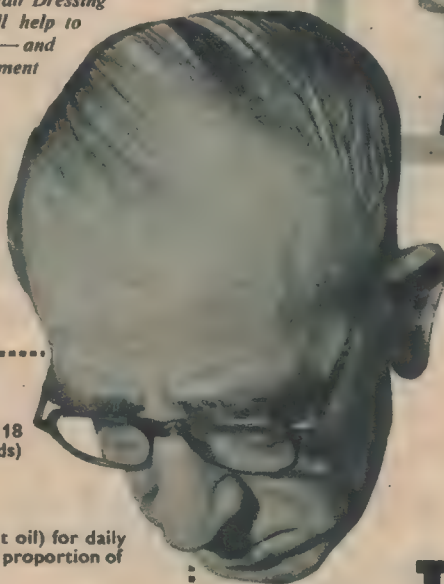


He has thinning hair, too, and he did try to do something about it once. Kept the treatment up for a whole fortnight. It's all right at the back anyhow. How far back can you go?



He has lost most of his hair.

Yes, he supposes he's neglected warning signs for years. Somehow he never realised their significance — until it was too late.



Pure Silvikrin

The way to hair health

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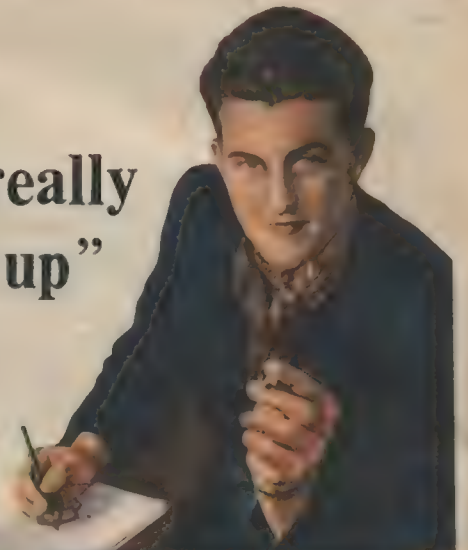
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"It deserves a really
big write up"

says Mr. Terence Daum of
5 Cranborne Gardens,
Tilehurst-on-Thames, Reading Berks.



RIVER IN SPATE!

One day last winter there was a heavy thunderstorm. The river burst its banks and I was told to cover a story about a nearby bungalow village which had been flooded.



ENDLESS WAIT!

For hours I waded from door to door interviewing stranded families. Lots of waiting around in the cold. Lots of rain too. When I got back to the office I was soaked.



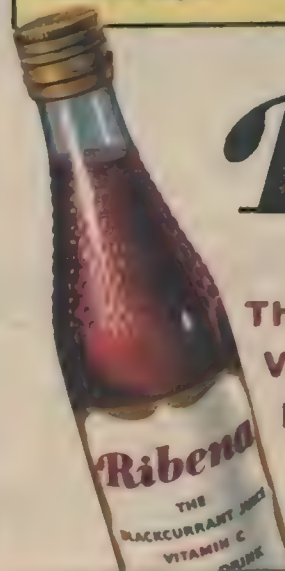
TETE-A-TETE!

I had got my story, but with it a cold - nothing unusual for me. "Try hot Ribena," advised the Sports Editor, so I bought a bottle on the way home and had some that night.



FEELING GREAT!

Next morning I felt on top of the world again. My cold was much better. So now, however severe the weather, I always stay fit. Regular glasses of Ribena see to that.



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Vitamin 'C' Health Drink
Keeps the Family Fit!**

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me. I was required to learn the trade and introduce new business when possible—with the idea, if my ability lived up to the hopes of the two principals, of being made a junior partner after two years.

On the face of it this was money for old rope, and the sort of chance for which many a growing lad would have been eternally grateful. Such are the vagaries of youthful nature, however, that I saw it merely as a sort of prison sentence, with the one redeeming feature that I would have my evenings to myself, in which to carry on with my writing.

It would therefore mean that with luck I would be able to finish my book within the all-important, self-allotted span. It was coming on quite well and up to schedule, so I took full advantage of my month's freedom and the summer weather and enjoyed myself.

Before I started my commercial career, I went to London to order a suit. After all, as soon as my apprenticeship was over, I should be soliciting orders for paper, and must look some sort of part. I chose a dark grey suit, almost black, with a thin white stripe. This, with waistcoat to match, cost me seven guineas. I had already bought a bowler hat, a thin watch chain, which was the current vogue, and an umbrella with a bamboo handle and two silk bobbles.

The family firm consisted of three rooms. In the main office were two new desks: one for Mr. Aylott's nephew, Alan, who was being brought into the firm on the same terms as myself, and one for me. At a third sat the firm's secretary, Miss Gordon. She had sat there for many years.

Beyond the main office was the sanctum of the two partners. They both sat at roll-topped desks. They were never close friends, but throughout the forty years they spent in partnership, sitting looking at one another day after day across this depressing little room, they never had a quarrel or even the hint of a discourteous word.

We were middlemen between the paper mills and the printers. We had to know the best places to buy at the keenest prices and be paid by the printer for this knowledge.

Some buyers would not see me; some brushed me off with an almost sadistic disdain; others were distant but polite; one or two actually took to me, and I got some orders.

EACH night I would leave the office at six, rush to London Bridge Station for the 6.16 train in time to make a nineteenth man in a compartment, and then I would stand for nearly half an hour until we were disgorged at Purley.

At home I grabbed my supper, and then went upstairs to my bedroom for the serious work of the day. I was tired, but I forced myself to write from 8 p.m. until 11 p.m. Sometimes school friends and others would telephone to ask me round. In the summer especially, there were tennis parties and trips to nearby swimming pools, and it took me everything I knew to be firm, but it had to be.

I finished my school story while I was still eighteen, with only two weeks to go. The next day in the City I looked up the names of the literary agents in the trades directory, wrote down the name of the first one, which was in Piccadilly, and called there with my manuscript. I saw a Miss Ross, who was very charming and non-committal and told me that she would write to me when she had had the time to glance at it.

All this buoyed me up no end, and that night I started another book—this time an imitation of the adult Wodehouse. In due course I heard from Miss Ross, who said that she had read my book, quite liked it, and would try to place it, though she was not very hopeful, as for a school story it was rather original. She little knew how slavishly I had tried to follow in the steps of the master. With my next book I would make no mistake. It would be more like Wodehouse than ever.

Three months passed, and although school story publishers professed difficulty in finding good ones, they did

It's The Custom . . . in SHEBBEAR



The Devil's Boulder. It is turned over every November 5

Men with crowbars send the Devil packing

DURING the war, Arthur Evans, then Vicar of Shebbear, North Devon, proposed that the ancient custom of Turning The Devil's Boulder on the night of November 5 to avoid bad luck should not be observed, since bells and lights at night were not permitted. The villagers agreed with his suggestion—in public.

"But one by one they came secretly to Evans and asked him to organize the Turning," says the present vicar, Hubert Robins. "I think you had better turn the boulder, Vicar," said one man. "My hens aren't laying." Another said that his cow refused to calve, and a third that his lambs were dying."

Eventually the vicar received so many requests that the ceremony was performed as usual.

After dark every November 5, a rowdy, discordant peal is rung from Shebbear's Norman church. "This is to get the Devil waxy and on the run," says Robins. Then the six ringers take crowbars to a point about ten feet outside

the churchyard gate where the Devil's Boulder lies under a six hundred years old oak tree. The villagers cheer as the ringers lever the stone right over.

Turning the Boulder is supposed to put the Devil to flight. One of the ringers, George Ackland, village cobbler and postman, says: "The only thing I have actually seen put to flight is a rat."

The Boulder, which weighs many hundredweight, is of a stone found nowhere else in Devon. No one knows where it comes from. One theory is that it was a sacrificial altar stone used by ancient Celtic tribes.

Ernest Martin, who was born in Shebbear, thinks that the Boulder may be a relic of a pagan festival, held at the autumnal equinox, in which stones and wheels were turned to help the waning sun on its journey and ensure its safe return.

But the village tradition is that the Boulder was dropped by the Devil when he was pursuing a victim one stormy night.

not see in mine any easing of their problem.

I lashed myself to greater efforts. I rose at 6 a.m. with an alarm clock, shaved, wrote from 6.30 to 8 in addition to the evening sessions.

I also started to sell more paper. I found that if I worked really hard in the morning and collected some business, I could afford to carry out more important activities in the afternoon.

Once I had a look at Noël Coward's place in Ebury Street and, although all the blinds were drawn, it was worth it for the thrill; I actually saw H. G. Wells go into Orchard Court; and once I bumped into Bernard Shaw on the corner of Piccadilly by Fortnum and Mason's. He had a long mackintosh buttoned right up to the neck, and was holding an umbrella. So was I, and our umbrellas touched before I realized who it was.

I finished my second book; it took me four months, and I was physically exhausted. It left me, too, at a low pitch of morale, for there was still nothing but failure to report with the first book. I tried to cheer myself with the reflection that originality is a dangerous thing, and that the publishing world had got too fixed in its ideas.

At least, I thought, I haven't made

that mistake with the new book. It's the dead spit of a Wodehouse novel. It has a Bertie Wooster, a dyspeptic millionaire, two American crooks and a rich hostess patron of the arts; the heroine has a freckle on her nose, and auburn hair, and falls in love with the hero on the last page but one, so what more can anyone want?

Miss Patience Ross, when she had read it, seemed to want a great deal more. She asked me to come along to see her. I sensed that something was not quite right.

"I don't think I can sell it," she said. As she had not yet sold the first one, and thought she could, my immediate literary future looked pretty bleak.

"I see," I said. There wasn't a lot more to add.

"It's a rather second-rate copy of P. G. Wodehouse," she observed. "If only you had shown me a few chapters on the way!"

I hadn't, so that was that, and there were 80,000 words that had taken four months of my life, that she didn't think she could sell.

"I had hoped you were going to try something as original as the first," she confessed.

Knowing how successful that was to date, I wondered if her commercial sense was as strong as her artistic

integrity. "I know it's a light, rather trivial book," I said, suddenly recovering a little of my poise. "The sort of thing that people pick up on station bookstalls. I only meant it to be that."

I hadn't really, of course. I had just thought of that, but it seemed to show that I had a cool, critical outlook on my own work. It would never have done to have revealed what I really felt, namely that nearly anything I wrote must automatically be a masterpiece.

"I should put it in a drawer and forget it," Miss Ross advised. "It wouldn't do you any good if I hawked it round."

As I left, I wondered for a brief second if it was a masterpiece after all. But the whole thing was so humiliating that I resolved never to be accused of copying anyone else again. And I have kept that resolve. My critics have hit me hard in my time, and pointed out many flaws in my work—of which I am only too conscious—but no one has accused me of not having a style of my own.

I thought I would start a third book when I got home that night, but my ego had taken too heavy a pasting. An artist must pass through fire to the millenium, I knew, but this wasn't fire. There wasn't even a hint of smoke.

I looked round for comfort. Emil Zola had been forced at one point in his career to catch sparrows on the end of a rod for supper. That was fine in Montparnasse. For a would-be author to reach out of a window and help himself to a sparrow was the expected thing. But you couldn't catch sparrows in Purley. Anything but roast beef, boiled potatoes and sago pudding just wouldn't taste right. Besides, if you dangled a rod out of your window, the neighbours would talk.

I seemed to be completely on my own, alienating myself slowly from what could have been my own warm world. Until I had a little success to show how different I was from everyone else, I could not face people. Friends of the family came to play cards, to chat, to do all the pleasant things that we associate with a visit from friends, but I would only come down from my room to say an awkward "Hallo" and then vanish.

I would hear the revelry of whist coming up to the floor of my bedroom, I would hear the tea and biscuits being served from the circular Egyptian brass tray on the mother-of-pearl studded legs, and my pen would sag in my hand, and I would be frozen into contemptuous inactivity.

The plain truth of the whole matter was that I was being given a dose of failure, and just couldn't take it.

I pegged away for another whole year, night after night, morning after morning, rain or shine. I wrote another book, short stories, some revue sketches, a three-act play. I wrote at meticulously regular hours. At meticulously regular intervals the rejection slips came plopping through our letter box. Not one thing was sold.

It was my nineteenth birthday.

The firm had a system of bells, whereby Father or Mr. Aylott could summon any member of the outer office to their roll-top desks, in a trice. It would have been just as quick to have shouted "Eric!" or "Charlie!" but as Freeman of the City of London, bells were more the thing. I was one bell, my opposite number, Alan Lilley, two.

ON my nineteenth birthday I heard one bell and then two bells. Alan and I entered the sanctum. Father was standing by the gas fire. Mr. Aylott was as usual in his revolving chair, with a lot of figures before him. These figures were our turnover during the two years we had both been with the firm.

"You've done over £50,000 each," said Mr. Aylott.

I knew it, and it seemed pretty good to me.

"We're pleased," said Father.

An Underground train shuddered to a standstill in the Mansion House Station under the office. Every three minutes an Underground train shuddered to a standstill under the office

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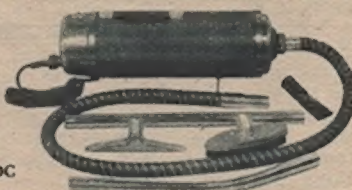
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"Do you feel well enough to be cheered up?"

and the dust-caked window over Mr. Aylott's head always rattled protestingly.

"We're going to make you junior partners from the beginning of next month, and raise your salaries to three-fifty a year!"

I remember Alan's shining eyes, and Father's little smile of pride in my direction. We mumbled our thanks and came out into the main office.

I DIDN'T go up to my bedroom that night. It was cold but moonlight, and I took our Labrador dog out and went for a walk in the direction of the few fields that had not as yet been swallowed up by the speculative builder.

What was I going to do? What could I do? In 1931 £350 a year was a lot of money, and father and Mr. Aylott were not poor. I had a rough idea of the turnover of the whole firm, what they each made. When they retired, I presumed, they would each draw about half. That would be more than fair, and it would still leave the two junior partners with a cushy number for life, if we played our cards sensibly.

It was Friday, and we had one Saturday morning in every four off. This Saturday morning was mine, but instead of writing, I called on a Mr. R. M. Freeman, to whom I eventually dedicated my first book. He wrote those admirable imitations of Pepys's *Diary* that appeared for years in the *Radio Times*, and he was also book critic of *Truth*. He lived in a little cottage in the village of Upper Warrington, and there was nothing that pleased me so much as to spend time in his company talking about writing.

He must have sensed crisis in the air that morning, for he looked quite grave when I told him my story. I longed for Mr. Freeman to tell me to chuck the City up and be happy.

"Whatever you do," he said, "don't throw your job up. Go on writing as you are now, don't do anything rash until you are earning a good living out of writing."

I called on several other journalists I had met through our paper connections. Their advice was unanimous. I was very lucky to have such a wonderful business laid at my feet, and the time to take writing seriously was when I showed by success that I had any real aptitude for it.

On the Thursday of the following week, my mind was made up. I would never be a writer, and it was stupid chasing rainbows. I left myself one loophole only. If a letter arrived tomorrow, Friday, to say that I had sold something, I would think again. If

it did not, I would start as a junior partner on the Monday and not be bitter about it.

The Friday morning post arrived just before I left for the City. There was no letter. I left for the office.

At eleven we used to slip down to a café for coffee. This morning I sat alone, but as I left I passed my father, who was also sitting alone. It suddenly occurred to me that I had asked everybody's advice in this matter except his, and he was always a most reasonable person. I told him what was weighing on my mind, automatically expecting him to echo what everybody else had said, but he did not quite do that.

"Nobody can advise you in a thing like this," he said.

I invited him to have lunch with me later and he accepted. "I didn't go back to the office, but spent a rather exciting couple of hours walking along the Embankment between Blackfriars and Westminster. When time for lunch came, my decision was made."

It was during coffee that I knew it could be put off no longer. "Father," I said, "I am going to give up the business and earn my living by writing."

He nodded thoughtfully. He had been hoping that both my brother and I would have run the business at one time, which would have meant a more reasonable income for him in his fast-approaching old age, so one part of his world must have collapsed when he heard my words. Also, as I had to date earned not one farthing from writing, he must have also had considerable misgivings about my sanity.

"If anything goes wrong, I can't help you financially," he said.

There was no question of anything going wrong. I was going to be famous and make a lot of money.

"Of course not," I answered.

And that was that. I had listened to everyone, and done the exact opposite of what they and common sense decreed.

I had £200 in National Savings Certificates, £40 in my current bank account, two suits, a typewriter, several bow ties and more than my share of what I realize now must have been a quite unbearable conceit.

I was nineteen, and I had won my first battle. I was a professional writer, or at least I would be the moment I sold anything.

NEXT WEEK: I hit the jackpot—at £3 a week

"Steady Barker!" by Eric Barker will be published as a book in the spring by Secker & Warburg Ltd.

FOLLOW HER TO WEALTH



Mrs. C. O'Brien

in this week's huge Christmas-tree offer of prizes value over

£1,250

"THANKS to *Bullets* the future looks rosy and secure," said Mrs. C. O'Brien. This Bristol housewife, of 6 Nuthatch Drive, Frenchay, won a big First Prize cheque with Christmas-tree gifts last autumn. A few simple words on your coupon this week can bring you £750 to bank and Christmas gifts for all your family!

£750 FIRST PRIZE for a "BULLET" plus GIFTS from the £100 TREE
£25, £20, £15, £10



ALL ABOVE PRIZES plus SURPRISE GIFTS on CHRISTMAS DAY for ALL YOUR FAMILY from "Bullets" £100 XMAS TREE

To this week's FIVE chief cheques, *John Bull* adds SURPRISE GIFTS specially chosen (with winner's help) for each member of entrant's family—all to arrive by Dec. 25 from *Bullets* £100 Christmas Tree 5 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 25 of £1, 250 "Ten-Shot" Prizes, 1,250 "Good Shot" Awards **CHRISTMAS TURKEYS, TOO!**

A fine 12-lb. Christmas Turkey is added to each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Fill your coupon—fill your larder



THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. To use an incomplete Example, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Prosperity Pudding
At The Top Of The Tree
Gardener Butler
Everything We've Got
Golden Age
At The Foreign Office
What Television Needs
Above The Babel
Heartbreak House
Cold And Calculating
Shoddy Goods
If I Were The Boss
Mother's Way
With Their Heads Together
Dear To Her
Smothering A Smile

Talked About
In Darkest Soho
Moan Of The Saxophone

Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions

The Thing Is....., So
Watching The
An Atomic..... Bits
The
Doing A Lot Of..... It All

★Scrambled "Example"
REMRUD

(2-Minute Teaser—rearrange letters to make extra one-word "Example")

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 2,007

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Week of Surprises: J. B. James, 4 Sawmill Row, North Seaton Colliery, Ashington, Northumberland.

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£25: W. Donaghy, 31A Windsor Road, Boscombe: WANTS MORE—RESTRAINT—And "PUSH," BUTLER!

£10: MRS. K. R. Teasdale, 26 Nelson Road, Willerby Road, Hull:

HAS GOT SOMETHING—TOWSER—LOOKS LIKE POSTMAN!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: H. Bedford, 47 Botany Road, Margate:

GLORY OF AUTUMN—FILLS BARN, CHURCH—Me. £8: L. W. Bryant,

Ingleside, Broad Campden, Chipping Campden: PATH TO PROSPERITY

—CLOSED UNTIL "DRAIN'S" REPAIRED. £7: Mrs. D. L. Deller, 14

Parkhurst Road, London, N.7: SOME MOTORISTS—UNDERSTAND CARS.

CODE—CHILDREN! £6: H. Yates, 15 Gilbert Road, Colchester: THE

TENSION'S EASED, BUT—"YOU WERE TIGHT, DARLING!" £5: C. Brown,

89 Chester Road, Northwich: ON A TOTTERING THRONE—MAN'S OLDEST

"TYRANT," DISMISE? £5: R. A. Eite, 91 Basford Road, Basford,

Nottingham: THE TENSION'S EASED, BUT—YOU TRY TELLING SERGEANT-MAJOR!

£5: A. L. Stead, Ridge, Chadleigh! THE TENSION'S EASED, BUT—DOESN'T MAKE BALALAIKA "Harp"!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "Bullets" Bulletin. 100 *Bullets* Seasons, 500 "Ten-Shot" Awards and 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

EXTRA
£100
cash for
XMAS

In the Christmas posts there will be £100 CASH—an EXTRA distribution amongst entrants who win one of the "TOP 20" awards in any two of the EIGHT *Bullets* Contests from No. 2,009 to 2,016.

REMEMBER THIS
£100—ENTER
EVERY WEEK!



FROM the 1954 Christmas-tree *Bullets* winners chose gifts value £100, including wrist-watch, pedal car, carpet-sweeper, electric fire, cigarette-lighter, train set, dressing-gown, hair drier, handbag, electric drill, nightdress, tea-making clock and steam iron.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries 6d. per *Bullet*. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate in *Bullets*

for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "Bullets" Bulletin dated November 26 and later in JOHN BULL), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 19, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,012 results.)

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 2,012, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

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2,012

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and enclose P.O.

Signed.....
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Value.....

No.....

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